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JUSTICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY A STROLLING PLAYER.

We wrong each other day by day,
In word and thought and deed;
Repulse as vile the brother-heart
That differs from our creed.

Our creed! and are we more than man's?
And do we never swerve
E'en for an instant from the path,
And take the downward curve?

Ah yes! we often find ourselves
In the forbidden field;
Too oft in thought, if not in deed,
Unto the tempter yield.

And this is true of every heart,
For none are perfect here;
Upon the purest brow the mark
Of earth doth still appear.

But one has worn this human form
Unsullied from all taint,
And charity He told us was
Fit virtue for a saint.

For substance we mistake the shade,
The mere effect for cause;
Make order chaos, and o'erlook
The true and hidden laws.

Judge gently! Look into the heart!
Perhaps neglect has sown
The germ of darksome weeds around,
That have the flowers o'ergrown.

And then temptation may have come,
While ignorance was there,
With sorrow drooping by its side,
And sprung the cruel snare.

Disease and poverty may lurk
Within, like phantoms pale,
While fear may give their tattered sails
Unto destruction's gale.

Or from their sires there may descend
Some fatal stain of race,
That only Heaven's purer sirs
Can ever quite efface.

O "Judge not that ye be not judged!"
We all have natures twain;
And oftentimes the evil will
The mastery attain.

The fairest skies are not all fair!
There's blight on all around;
Where'er we turn or look there is
Some imperfection found.

Still in all things is there lacking
Some link the chain to end,
One more color ere the hues can
In perfection fully blend.

And so within ourselves we find
A something wanting still;
A void is left that here below
We never quite can fill.

Patience and Faith! The missing link
That mars the golden chain
We'll find above, where all will be
Restored complete again.

There the unfinished column shall
To its full height arise;
The broken circle, rounded full,
Shall bless our wond'ring eyes.

There, in that land of miracles,
What glad surprises wait;
There, where all wrongs shall be made right,
"The crooked be made straight."

And in that realm of treasures lost
All will have justice done
By Him who knows that here below
Wronged was the perfect one.

THE SIN PHANTOM;

OR,

THE KEEPER'S DESTINY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

He drew a deep breath in suppressed anger at the thought.

"You who know me," he said, looking at McDonald, "know that I never told a lie—not that I am too virtuous, perhaps, but to lie is to be cowardly. And I swear that in spite of poverty, for she has wanted bread, Corinne clung to the one rich jewel of her womanhood, and can now, as ever, invoke the name of her dead mother in guiltless prayer. Corinne—as pure as peerless, as beautiful as true—I speak her name with reverence, Mac, for she taught me to be myself—to be a man."

The lion tamer bowed his noble head in honorable tribute to a woman's worth. His manner impressed McDonald; he could respect the deep devotion that did credit to an honest manhood.

"So I left the turf," Gambert went on, "and I took to the stage. I met with tolerable success. There are few educated actors; and though I had not the gift of genius I could at least respect the author, and interpret his text without descending to gag, or maltreating the Queen's English; my physique did me good service, and I came out as a heavy tragedian; starred in the provinces with Corinne. If the theme were not so well known and worn so threadbare," he continued, "I would recount some of my experience. Don't mistake me, don't think me irreverent to my former brotherhood if I laugh when I look back, but the *genus pro* would puzzle a naturalist. I like it; apart from the petty jealousy and the solemnly comic fact that every one who is below the leading man looks upon himself as a blighted son of talent, doomed to misery, there are no better people in the world. I will say, briefly, that I formed a company after Corinne and I had won sufficient popularity to make the venture moderately safe. I may say, as briefly, that I unformed the company with all possible rapidity. I had too much good fellowship, and too much respect for the members of a really noble profession to be a managerial tyrant. So, of course, I failed. I went in for regeneration of the drama, and found it not a paying speculation. Some of my difficulties were amusing. We had a commonwealth, a common want of wealth would have been more like truth. All profits were equally divided, when we had any to divide. The men who played second to me had no more than the men whose sole histrionic display was to come on and say, 'My lord, I bring a message from the king.' But the men who brought a message from the king wanted to play the monarch, and the men who played the monarch wanted to enact my part."

"An actor is nothing without ambition," observed McDonald.

"Unfortunately," laughed Gambert, "ambition is a bad substitute for genius; internal dissensions contributed largely to our ruin. The ambitious actor is inevitably self assertive and dogmatic. Genius is more retiring. The consequence is that we frequently see small parts well filled, and large ones hopelessly dwarfed, deprived of strength and tone; the assertive man pushes the genius out, and in a case of commonwealth we have no remedy. I certainly had none."

"You were not strict."

"The company was very troublesome. You will hardly credit this I am about to say, but it is simply truth. On Monday, the last week of my best dramatic season, the cast—that is the programme—was made out for the week, and there was a benefit each night—every member was entitled to a benefit according to arrangement—but the season ended prematurely, and left only one night—Saturday—for five would-be-*beneficiaires*."

"Undoubtedly a fix," said McDonald; these glimpses of theatrical life amused him.

"Well, the man whose name stood first chose Hamlet. We had a scanty wardrobe, and the royal Dane's dress was the private property of a walking gentleman, who was cast for Horatio, but who swore he would be Hamlet or nothing. He dressed for it, the only dress. We could not deny his right to it, but we did persuade him out of Hamlet. Now see the dilemma. Hamlet was played in Horatio costume. Horatio looked sublime in sable trappings. The king was dressed as Richard, Duke of Gloster. We had a very scanty wardrobe, and the ghost distinctly declined to appear in the dress of a pantomimic sprite. We could get no other, for there was an execution in the property room. Somehow the audience saw there was something amiss, and made fun of everything. They asked Hamlet for a hornpipe, and wanted to know whether Claudius would take a kingdom for his horse. Polonius they recognized as an old stock pantaloon, and, to speak technically, chi-iked him. They requested the first grave digger, a very clever clown, and the pantaloon's colleague, he is now our circus jester, to give them 'Hot Codlins' or 'Tippitywitchet.' Not Shakespeare's self could have overcome such disadvantages."

"Were you not mad?"

"Not I. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune were not new to me. I bore it with equanimity till there came the scene of Ophelia's grave, where Hamlet and Laertes struggle. The audience decidedly sympathised with the Dane, and offered to bet two to one on him as the 'Little 'un.' I had the curtain rung down then. Human nature, managerial nature could stand no more. Corinne and I took to starring again on our own account, and met with better success than before. But I wearied of it. My dream of regenerating the drama was gone, and with it my acting spirit. There are few good players, few good plays, and few good audiences. I must lay the blame to actors chiefly. They should in every grade be men of education, but as it is, those who take to the profession take to it as the *dernier ressort*, the forlorn hope. Lads run away to act as they used to run away to sea; and men old enough to know better, too idle to work and too ignorant for commerce or science, join a company as men join the army. It is true; I am sorry to say it, but I give a sad truth gained by sad experience, and how can we wonder at the decline of the drama? I will not blame the public," he said, as McDonald assented to his question. "They can appreciate a good thing well done, but where is the good thing? We have no dramatic authors—they are replaced by adaptors, translators and hacks, who, by mutilating any popular story, convert it into a 'piece,' with situations and 'go' in it. Corinne saw it long since. We played a burlesque one night. It was produced for her benefit, and she took a character with as many songs and dances, and as little costume as could be—Eureka! I had found it. 'Give me,' I said, 'a good spectacular piece, some handsome women, and a racy extravaganza, and I will fill any theatre in the world.' So said Corinne. We started an equestrian play, and found her beauty more effective than Shakespeare. We traveled, and fell in with a circus company, and I was initiated into the art of lion taming. Their exhibitor was beginning to lose nerve, and, therefore, risked his life every performance, for the brutes have wonderful instinct, and if they scent out the slightest trace of fear it is all over with you. They are mastered on'y by the *will*. The man was glad to let me have the lions. I subdued them in an incredibly short space of time, and could do things he never dared attempt. We drew. Corinne and I accepted a star engagement, one-third of the gross receipts. We were careful of our money, the rest lavished theirs. Finally we bought the circus, and I built the new hippodrome, and now I make twenty thousand a year."

"A very satisfactory termination to your story," said McDonald, trying to hide the gnawing envy at his heart. His chance of winning back Corinne seemed more remote each moment.

"Surely," he thought, "she must love this handsome, fearless fellow, for he has a strength of soul and a charm of nature that must be irresistible to women. His mere animal beauty would be resistless, and he is rich."

"With your strong love and delicate devotion for Corinne," he said aloud, "does it not go against you to let her appear before the public in such attire?"

"No. It did at the outset, but Corinne herself reconciled me to it. To be pure, untainted in soul, unsullied by passion's breath, in spite of appearances to the contrary, is better than to dress like a vestal, live outwardly like a saint, and be in reality a courtesan."

"What would be the result to your hippodrome were she to withdraw?"

"A total collapse," said Gambert, "for you could not find her equal. She and I agree on all points concerning the management. The art of drawing large audiences is really a simple science when you have the material at hand. Stage sensation is a special peculiarity; it must touch the quicker senses, touch the passions and please; if that is done you are safe."

"But do not these things tend to degrade the art dramatic?"

"I do not see it. A superbly classical production and empty seats could not tend to uphold the art dramatic. We must follow or lead the spirit of the age, and it is not a reflective age, in the matter of pleasure at least. Neither men nor women care to take a dose of moral philosophy with their recreation."

"You have studied the public."

"To advantage. It must be a rare combination of good acting that would fill, say Drury Lane, if any theatres in the vicinity were giving sparkling comedy, romantic melodrama or burlesque. Garrick, at the Lane, would stand no chance against half a dozen pretty faces and as many pairs of supple limbs at the Strand. But convert the Old Drury into a hippodrome, and, with the lions and Corinne, I would cram it to the ceiling every night."

"Is that the height of your ambition?" asked McDonald.

"I have none, man," said Gambert, showing a white line of teeth as he smiled. "It is a sordid world, and he who would make money out of it must put ambition and chivalric feeling into his pocket, as I have done. And in five years time I shall be a millionaire."

"Then?"

"Then retire to the sunny south. Fulfil Corinne's early dream—a home of love beneath the soft Italian skies. A realization of some such picture as Claude Melnotte drew to Pauline. A villa by the Lake of Como, and happiness with her."

"Never," thought McDonald, with a savage feeling of treacherous envy. "I have not come back to the world for nothing, and it would be nothing to me without her."

"I never admired my old friend so much before," he said, smiling with well assumed frankness at George Gambert. "To think that you have done so much, fought out a bad name and earned a good one, struggled through adversity and won riches, while I have wasted time and existence in—"

"Aye, let us have it," said Gambert, "what you have done, and I have no doubt you would have done as much had you had the same incentive."

"We are, then, of different temperaments," said McDonald, "and though old comrades, are hardly kindred spirits."

"I don't know," responded Gambert, never for a moment thinking how soon and how bitterly he would prove the bitter truth. "We are kindred spirits as far as most men can be. I only wonder that you ever lost your charm with Corinne, for I am sure she cared for you. She has told me so."

McDonald laughed with affected gaiety.

"A piece of charming frankness on the lady's part, certainly, but not pleasant for you."

"Why?" said Gambert. "I knew it She made it no secret; she said she should have cared for you very much had not the association been broken."

"If I had ever thought Corinne entertained the least regard for me," McDonald said, still maintaining his aspect of gaiety, "I should not think so after this."

"Why?"

"Women never speak of men they really love. Depend upon it, it was as events have proved, you had her real affection. I had only a share of that brilliant coquetry that drew such a crowd around her."

"Do you think so?" said Gambert, pleased at the idea, for his faith in Corinne was very simple hearted. "Well, I am glad of that. You understand the sex better than I do, but I am very glad, Mac."

"So I see. I remember often to have heard you say you would never love but once."

"I spoke the truth," the lion tamer said, with grave, earnest intensity. "I tell you, Mac, I should be a lost man were anything to come between Corinne and me. My love is so extreme that I never dare to think of death. If she were dead I could not live an hour."

"But if she were false?"

McDonald felt sorry for having made the suggestion, as he saw the quick, wild thrill which ran through Gambert's frame.

"If she were false," he said, with slow, distinct articulation, "the very demons who put the falsity into her soul would shudder at such a tragedy as would ensue. I could not let her live, I could not rest asleep while racked by the maddening thought that she belonged to another. My wretched, desolate despair would create a sateless thirst that could be quenched by nothing less than to see her lifeless at my foot."

"And your rival?" said McDonald, watching with curious interest the play of intense passion which made the lion-tamer quiver through and through.

"I should rend him limb from limb," said Gambert, in a whisper, "shred him into fibre, and leave no trace on earth to tell what he had been. But we will drop this, Mac. I wonder that you started such a supposition."

"I merely wished to see what risk I shall run, what kind of man I shall have to deal with," thought McDonald. "For, unless I have lost my keen insight into woman's nature, I shall certainly rob you of Corinne."

"I did not think it would so stir you," he said, speaking in quiet deprecation of the other's excitement. "The loss of a woman's love would not affect me. Death must come to all, and I should mourn as mourners do were she to die, but were she false, I should let her go with philosophical composure and think her not worth the trouble of bringing back."

Gambert rose with an expressive gesture.

"What a nature," he said. How emotionless and lymphatic you must have grown, and certainly I begin to think that, though comrades old and true, we are not kindred spirits. Good bye, for the present, I am wanted at the hippodrome."

"So soon!"

"I have to feed the lions and attend to the general arrangements. If I neglect my duty, the company are apt to follow the example. Will you come this evening?"

"With pleasure."

"Bring Corinne, then. She is not wanted for an hour or so, and I have already over-stayed my time."

He went out with his manly stride, leaving in honest confidence his beautiful Corinne to the care of as false a wretch as ever in treachorous anticipation disgraced the noble name of friend.

Not five minutes had elapsed after Gambert's departure when Corinne entered the room where McDonald sat in meditation. A fierce, impetuous thrill ran through his veins, as, looking up, he saw that he was with Corinne—alone.

CHAPTER XIX.

A MAN WITH AN EXCELLENT MEMORY

The faint glow of manly feeling stirred into life in McDonald's breast at thought of his old association with George Gambert, died away now he gazed upon Corinne.

"We have not met for years," he said, taking her hand, "and both are changed. I wonder you have not quite forgotten me."

"Her dark, dreamy eyes kindled.

"So beautiful you have grown," he said with a sigh, "and I seem a worn, old man, wasted in energy, sore at heart. In the time that has elapsed since we parted, Corinne, fate has dealt heavily with me."

"It would not appear so," said the equestrienne, taking the seat to which he conducted her. "I should have known you again anywhere."

"A woman's memory is faithful to her friends," McDonald rejoined, with a suggestive emphasis on the last word, "and we were friends, Corinne."

"Yes," she responded quietly, "I had but few."

"Nay, many. Young, beautiful, and—"

"Poor; I know mankind better now than I did then—can appreciate the value and the motive of their interest in a possibly pretty woman. The world is a book, McDonald, which experience teaches us how to read."

Her proud lip curled in scorn. The reminiscences of her earlier days, when her beauty and her poverty made her sought by a crowd of unprincipled men, who looked upon her as legitimate prey, restored her self-possession and gave her strength.

"Some were true," suggested Simon.

The equestrienne laughed.

"They had no chance of being false. I trusted none, though I was not aware then, as I am now, that man will pedjure his soul for his own purpose. There was but one different to the rest, a noble hearted, unselfish fellow, in whom I could confide, for he never looked an insult nor whispered infamy."

"And this one—"

"George Gambert. I wish," she added, regretfully and half aside, "I were more worthy his regard."

"He loves you, Corinne."

"Loves me! Say that I am his idolatry; call it mad, unreasoning worship, the whole deep passion of a powerful soul; the very strength of his affection is sublime because of its purity."

"And apart from gratitude and respect," McDonald thought, "you do not care for him an atom. I can see it, my splendid Juno. The old dream is not yet faded, and I—well, no wonder that the serpent tempted Eve, if Eve were like you."

"Poor George," he said, pressing her warm, soft hand, "I am sorry for him."

Corinne trembled. She saw the shadow of the dangerous sea to which he was slowly drifting out.

"Why sorry?" she asked.

"Because his great love is cast away. Brave as he is, generous, magnificent in nature as in form, you have not a single thought for him that is like love."

A low cry, emotional, indignant, but subdued, broke from her, and she tried to wrench her hand away.

"Corinne," he said, partly rising and speaking with all the intense, quick senses of his nature quivering through his voice, "when I left the world forever as I imagined, I took with me one regret, and were George Gambert my twin brother and you his wedded wife, I still would say it."

"McDonald!"

"Listen. It was because I left you behind. When in fancy I have pictured you as another's bride, I have felt the keenest torture here. I have heard your voice in the night, and it has been music when all else was mockery. Your face, even in the darkness of my wretched loneliness, was before my sight, and my despairing bitterness has been more bitter because memory would not let me forget what I had lost."

"McDonald," said Corinne, shrinking from him, "think of Gambert."

"If I do it will be to curse him," exclaimed the quondam poacher, savagely. "You were mine, Corinne, mine till I was hunted out of London."

The man dared to say so much because he knew his power. There was not a chord in her passionate heart that a word or look of his had not power to thrill. The kindly, frank good fellowship with which the lion tamer had greeted him touched no generous instinct in McDonald's breast. Gambert's depthless faith in his mistress, his chivalric trust in his friend, was no safeguard against the treachery of either.

"If you loved me so," Corinne asked, "why did you leave me?"

"Could I stay in danger—degraded, or could I wish you to share my peril and my shame?"

The traitor made his selfish fear seem like self sacrifice.

"I had better have done so than listened to this too late," she said, not shrinking from him this time, though his arm was clasped tightly round her supple waist, "and how can I believe you, since you have loved another since we parted?"

"Not as I live. I have scarcely seen a human face, and it is a truth that I have not so much as spoken to a woman."

"But that child—the little girl."

"It is not mine," he said rashly; "ask any oath you will, and I can swear truly that from the time we saw each other last I have been faithful to your memory."

In the passion of the moment he was powerless before the lovely temptress. no secret was safe with him, he had even forgotten Michael Ewrick, he was blindly oblivious to all save his own desire, and for the sake of that he would have sworn his soul away.

"Whose then?" Corinne inquired, and he felt her breath on his cheek; "you said she was yours."

"I said anything," he said, "partly to pique you, partly that Gambert might have no jealous fear."

The room they sat in was in shadow under the leaden gloom of an autumn sky at close of day, her face rich with a dusky glow rested almost on his shoulder, and her large eyes swimming darkly in a river of fire sought and sank before his; the long, burning kiss in which their lips clung was a sacrilege to Gambert's love.

"I have not come too late," he whispered, "you are mine at last; Corinne, you must leave here with me, discard the hippodrome and your present way of life. I hated all the throng whose wretched gaze you glutted with your incomparable face and form. It is desecration."

"But Gambert," she said; unable in spite of her hopeless affection for her former tempter to think altogether without self reproachful pity upon the thought of treachery to her devoted lover, he will go mad."

"Better madness now than misery afterwards; he might recover from such an insanity, but the misery would be eternal, and misery would be inevitable, Corinne; for where love is not at first it cannot grow, and a wife who does not love is but a slave and toy to one who is less a husband than a keeper."

It was true and terrible logic. Corinne's heart acknowledged it. Strange that with such a choice she should have chosen as she did, for certainly in physical beauty, nobility of nature, and power of intellect McDonald could bear no comparison with Gambert; he was handsome, the former an aristocrat in appearance, and unquestionably graceful in figure and style. Gambert, widely different, had a native dignity and power of presence entirely his own.

"It would break his heart," urged Corinne, "be such a cruel blow to him."

McDonald laughed low in derision.

"Men and women, too, are apt to mistake a savage sense of disappointment for a broken heart," he said, "and time is a great physician for either. One of the best things in life is mutability of feeling. The strongest sensation is susceptible to change."

"Then your love for me?" said Corinne, quickly.

"Is not immutable," he said, with careless gravity. "I am but human, and my love could not live on nothing. Possession and constant association are affection's strongest ties; its links are riveted by habit."

"And what if we had not met again?"

"In the natural course of events, in obedience to natural instinct, I should have met some one whom, though caring little for, I might have become bonded to. This, however, in no way affects my regard for you. Look at yourself, for instance, you, though loving me, were about to marry Gambert."

"True," she said, musingly, "but though I like him very much I could never really love him."

"Had I remained in my seclusion," he said, in continuation, "I should have died faithful to your memory. But I have come back to the world, and the world must have its influence upon a man's career—his destiny. I have met you at the outset, and so my passion is of double strength. The renewal of that felt in early manhood, and the stronger, deeper feeling of mature years. For let me tell you, Corinne, love in a man of my age is not a feverish dream to be forgotten when the dream is over."

Corinne could not reason with him. She wondered vaguely at his careless, methodical argument, and then her mind reverted to the absorbing truth—he loved her.

"If George were but to suspect," she said, shuddering, as she lay in McDonald's arms, "it would be death to both of us."

He touched her dark cheek caressively.

"Do not fear. It may be as well, however, not to let him see cause for suspicion. Be, until we go, as kind, familiar and endearing as you have ever been. It will not be for long."

Quite at his mercy, helpless in passion's thrall, she did not question when or whither he would take her, but with a woman's instinctive curious jealousy she inquired more concerning the child. McDonald found it difficult to answer.

"Is it a relative?" Corinne asked, with her bare, flexible arms round his neck. "And have you told me the truth? There must be no secrets between us, Simon. If you have been so long a recluse how did she come into your care?"

"I cannot tell you yet," he said, evasively.

Her arm was withdrawn; she put away the hand that clasped her waist.

"To have a mystery," she said, reproachfully, "and yet you ask me to love you."

"Delilah," he said, smiling and drawing her to his side, "if I must tell you all remember this, if it were known I had divulged the secret no power on earth could save me from a fate so awful that I dare not think of it. My life, my liberty, and means of living depend upon the safe keeping of that child and her secret."

His earnestness was evidently the earnestness of truth, and the equestrienne listened with apprehensive eagerness.

"Tell me all," she said, "and trust me."

"It may be as well," McDonald said, reflectively. "I should be sure to relate the whole history of my past life to you in time, and it had, perhaps, be better told now than bit by bit; but before I begin, Corinne, swear never to betray me."

"Is it needed, Donald?" said Corinne, tenderly.

"Well, then, swear to be mine, and the secret will be yours."

He saw her white breast heave and fall as she said, solemnly and simply,

"I will take that oath in church, Donald, at the altar."

George Gambert's treacherous rival winced and bit his lip; he had dared to think of the peerless creature with thoughts that were not honorable.

"I scarcely require an oath," he said, lifting her face to kiss her again. "Your devotion to me is sufficient guarantee."

And he told her part of the dark story, concealing the names and places.

"One," he said, "who knows my secret, and could at any time consign me to the hulks, found out my hiding place, and gave me the alternative to meet my doom or take the child. It is better, I am sure, for her, poor little thing, that I became her guardian. For he is a ruthless wretch, and would kill her without remorse were she in his way."

"How her mother will grieve," said Corinne. "It is a dreadful sin, Donald."

"What could I do? had I refused to take her he might have slain her; as it is she may be restored."

"She shall be," exclaimed the beautiful equestrienne. "Remember, Donald, that if you were in that man's power he is now in yours. I should like to meet him."

"He is a semi-demon, Corinne."

"I would not fear him were he the arch fiend. What! dare to force you into crime with menaces, destroy a mother's hope by the bitterest wrong that could be done—this little one may be an only child."

"She is."

"Oh, shame!" she said with sorrowful indignation. "Why did you not take her home again, and dare the worst he could do?"

"It would have been like killing the child with my own hand," he said, "for he does not let a life stand in his way."

"Donald," Corinne said, wistfully, "you have not told me everything."

"As much as I dare, more than I should have told you. In telling you this I have broken an awful vow."

"Then, the vow being broken, you may tell the rest. It will be wise; a woman's love may do much towards saving you from those you dread. It seems strange to me that one man can fear another."

"Yet I am no coward," said Simon McDonald, "I have faced death more than once and felt no dread."

"I know," she said, "and wonder the more. You fought a duel with a man who insulted me, and shot him dead, yet at the bare thought of him who has driven you to do this wrong you are pale to the lips. Who is he?"

"Do not ask me."

Corinne rose angrily and paced the chamber with a lithe, clinging tread peculiar to her in excitement.

"You had courage once," she said, her brilliant eyes flashing, "a nevilry of spirit that made me love you, and now, when every nerve should be set in the strength of manhood, you can fear."

He sat unmoved, except for the kindling admiration with which he watched her majestic, powerful grace of motion.

"I fear disgrace, not death," he said quietly. "If the worst were to come, I could drive a knife into my heart or put a bullet through my brain without a shiver. But to drag out a lifetime chained to a gang of felons, under the horrible deadness of a lingering captivity, or die by the hangman's hand—I have no courage for that."

The equestrienne paused abruptly and said:

"He has threatened you with such a fate?"

"Sworn to give me to it, and he can."

The opal necklace she wore shone and glimmered like a line of living fire on the tinted whiteness of her breast as it throbbed and sank.

"If we are to be aught to each other," she said, "I must have the entire truth, or I should be haunted by a constant dread that the man whose slave you are might come between us. I could not live so. Tell me his name."

McDonald warned her to be silent by a gesture. His ear, trained to acute keenness by being long accustomed to the solitude of Charnett Heath, caught the sound of an approaching footstep in the passage. It paused at the door, which opened, and little Alice peered wistfully in. Before the astonished child had time to cross the threshold, Corinne lifted her from the floor and rained caresses on her innocent face.

"Poor, helpless pet!" she said, with pitying gentleness, "so young to be motherless. He would dare much, indeed, who would dare to harm you while I can protect you."

Alice, understanding her caressive manner rather than her words, buried her tiny arm in the raven tresses that veiled the equestrienne's sculptured shoulder. Her infantile confidence was won the more rapidly because Corinne, in many points, resembled the Lady of Charnett.

"I will seek out this mystery," said Corinne, seating Alice on her knees. "The child must know something."

McDonald did not interfere, he saw it would be useless.

"Tell me what your name is, darling?" Corinne said.

"Alice," replied the child, stealing a furtive look at Simon. She had not forgotten his instructions.

"What else? You may tell me that, he will not be angry."

The child was reassured.

"Alice Sydney Lois of Charnett," she said distinctly.

McDonald was startled. He had not thought she knew her own name so well.

"For her sake as well as for mine," he said, "never let her say those words again before a human being."

Corinne iterated the word Charnett—remembrance of the name broke upon her.

"Why," she said at last, "this is the child of Lord Sydney, who was mur——"

"Hush! for mercy's sake," McDonald said, growing pallid.

But Corinne gave a great sorrowful cry—an appalling thought had found its way into her brain.

"McDonald," she said, "McDonald, if you do not wish to see me fall at your feet and die, say that you did not—did not——"

"God forbid," he said, clasping his hands together, for he was moved into impressive fervor by the unexpected turn the conversation had taken.

"I, though to my misery I know so much about it, am as guiltless of that brutal tragedy as the child is."

"Thank heaven," said Corinne, fervently, "and forgive my doubt. Do not be frightened, darling."

And then, while soothing Alice, who was alarmed by their vehemence, her brain went to work with that facility of rapid construction which, while it is peculiar to women, is not the less

LEW BENEDICT. ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

frequently correct than it is totally without logic. It is, as it was with her, the construction of instinct rather than reason.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23 1867.

To Correspondents.

C. P. V., Washington.—"Our American Cousin" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have enjoyed the longest runs of any pieces on record. "Our American Cousin" was produced by Laura Keene in this city, Oct. 18, 1858, and ran one hundred and thirty-eight consecutive nights. It was then withdrawn for two nights and "She Stoops to Conquer" played. After that it was played on off nights with other pieces. Altogether it was played one hundred and forty-seven nights. Joseph Jefferson played Asa; E. A. Sothern, Lord Dundreary; C. Peters, Binney; Laura Keene, Florence; Mary Wells, Mrs. Mountchessington; Laura Honey, Augusta; and Sara Stevens, Mary Meredith. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was played three hundred and thirty times. "Hamlet" was played one hundred consecutive nights by Edwin Booth in this city.

W. J. C., Chicago, Ill.—1. The locomotive Hamilton Davis, with six cars attached, ran 14 miles in 11 minutes on the N. Y. Central Railroad in 1855. 2. Sayers was never in this country—he was the greatest pugilist of modern times in our opinion. 3. Only once, by Nat Langham. 4. It is John's misfortune not to have won a fight. 5. E. L. Davenport is considered one of the best Hamlets. Booth's Iago is considered one of his best performances. Shylock is about his worst performance. He has frequently played Macbeth.

ROMEO.—The benefit for the American Dramatic Fund took place at the Academy March 21, 1861, and Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth *did* appear. The cast was as follows:—Macbeth, Edwin Booth; Duncan, C. Kemble Mason; Banquo, A. W. Fenno; Macduff, Chas. Fisher; Lady Macbeth, Charlotte Cushman; Principal Singing Witch, Mad. Anna Bishop; Hecate, Geo. Rea; First Witch, Harry Pearson; Second Witch, John Sefton; Third Witch, James Lingard.

CONSTANT READER, Middletown, Conn.—1. Billy Toal, the Derry Youth, did fight Young McDermott—it took place at Greenpoint, L. I., May 26, 1854, when 23 rounds were fought in 48 minutes, ending in a draw, we believe—T.'s seconds were Jim McMann, and Jack Stewart—McD.'s Paddy Keenan and Neddy Hogan. 2. No, it was his brother, Tom Fox, who fought Billy Donnelly. 3. W[illegible] very likely, as he has a first rate position in the Fire Department.

C. F. D., Indianapolis.—1. At a [illegible] game of billiards is 2 player [illegible] advice [illegible] marking what each [illegible] against playing the wrong ball. 2. [illegible] should not call the attention [illegible] a look out for themselves.

T. [illegible], Va.—1. Your letter dated [illegible] three days after the one you [illegible], but the $2 was in it all right. We do not [illegible] for publishing challenges at all, but require a deposit therewith unless the sender is known to us. Keep cool, Richard. 2. $5 a year, $2.50 six months, $1.25 three months.

A CONSTANT READER.—1. About as good as any. 2. The Menken is at present in Paris fulfilling an engagement of one hundred nights, after which she re-appears in London. Cannot say when she will again play in this city. 3. If they play here at all, at the Broadway. 4. Playing under another name out West.

ERINITE.—Joe Coburn, we understand from good authority, can be backed for $10,000 against any man in the country, and if your friend or any other man is anxious, and can get the stamps, why not say so through the proper channel and where he can see it?

DOMINO, Baltimore, Md.—When the game is blocked, the person whose turn it is to play must draw the remaining dominoes, and his opponent adds the number of spots in the party of the first part's hand to his score; but not those of his own hand.

GLADIATOR, New York.—1. The race for the Epsom Derby (and we presume that is the event you mean) will be run this year on Wednesday, May 24th. 2. You will require your passport *viséd*. 3. A lady traveling alone requires a passport; if with her husband, the fact is stated in the passport of the latter.

J. W. R., Hornellsville.—1. The manager would pay her board and deduct it each week from his salary. It would be at the same rate that the company was paying, which would be from $1.50 to $2 a day. 2. That would be about as much as any one could get with a traveling company.

A FRANK R., St. Louis, Mo.—"At cribbage, the cards are played as follows:—4, 3, 2, 5, 1, 2. The *last* card, a deuce, is played by B, for which he claims a sequence of five. Is he right?"..... No. He who played the ace could take five for a sequence; but B's deuce did not come in; a four would have done so, however.

M. O. F., Toronto.—D. Castello is at present in the South with a circus company. D. C. La Rue is proprietor of La Rue's Minstrels traveling through the country. Andy Springer is an advance agent for circus companies. Letters sent to this office will reach the above parties.

INDIA WHARF, Boston.—In the absence of any rule governing this point, we suppose the custom of the place must decide; therefore, according to the general custom, the two 42s take two prizes.

J. S.—Billy Wilson fought twice in the P. R., defeating Jim Stewart in Connecticut in 83 rounds 140 minutes in 1846, and Ned Hughes in New Orleans, $300 a side, 41 rounds 75 minutes April 15, 1843.

BOAT BUILDER, Hinsdale, N. H.—1. Hamill is 29 years old; Brown has just turned 25. 2. From twenty to forty dollars a week. We know of some that get fifty, but they are few. 3. We do not know their terms.

A MARTYR.—1. Generally about twenty-five dollars, but it depends upon the number of acts. 2. The stock company and not the ladies named by you. 3. Maggie Mitchell. 4. She is of the Jewish persuasion.

MERCER COUNTY, N. J.—A is entitled to the gun. In the event of a tie between two or more shooters, it is the custom to continue shooting, and the first miss rules out the party or parties contesting.

LONG PRIMER, Peoria.—1. Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance in public March 25, 1830, at a concert in Boston. Was born in 1814. She has not taken her farewell of the stage. At present in Rome.

L. D. C., Binghampton, N. Y.—1. There is no recognized heavy weight champion and no champion's belt other than such as have been presented. 2. Sam Collyer is champion of light weights, but there is no belt connected with the title.

T. B., Boonton, N. J.—Charley Lynch was at one time open to fight any man in England at 8st., and had two belts presented to him. There was no champion belt when he defeated Finighty, and after that fight he was looked upon as top of the heap.

PAUL PRY, Philadelphia.—1. We believe that the lady will not appear in your city at all. 2. Do not know. 3. Coburn is at present in this city.

CARLOS, Cincinnati.—1. Flora Temple was never driven in a milk wagon. 2. She was five years old when she trotted her first race. 3. No.

CRIPPLE CORNER.—1. E is entitled to the money as D's was a foul hand. 2. You had better write to the paper you mention and ask the question.

DRAMA.—Manager Stuart, of the Winter Garden, reported the fight between Morrissey and Heenan in October, 1858, for the *Daily Times*.

JEEMS, Troy, N. Y.—"Westhall on Training" is what you want. It may be ordered through Wilmer & Rogers, corner of Liberty and Nassau streets.

REYAM SUCRAM, San Francisco.—Your letter of Feb. 12th by overland and the one of Feb. 18th by steamer, arrived within a day of each other.

AMATEUR, Pittsburgh.—1. A letter sent to Mr. Davidge, 118 Pacific street, Brooklyn, will reach him. 2. We never heard of such a book.

P. A. W., Cleveland, O.—1. B could not throw up his hand unless he was willing to give his opponent all the points the hands contained. 2. We don't know; it is not in our line.

ENQUIRER.—James Carlton is at present with Cool Burgess' Minstrels. A letter directed to care Cool Burgess, 93 West Queen street, Toronto, C. W., will find him.

DUROZ, St. Joseph, Mo.—Three tens, an eight and nine, at cribbage, count fifteen points only; nine for sequences and six for pair royal.

C. T., Meadville.—It is called a melophone. Send a letter to this office to Mr. Buckley, who will give you all the information you desire.

DE L., Gallipolis.—B, C and D are equally winners, and can divide the stakes, or play for them again, as they may mutually agree.

A CONSTANT READER.—You are mistaken. The last ace could not count. How can a sequence occur with a pair in it? Our answer was quite correct.

D. M., Burlington.—Write to some of the minstrel managers, among whom you would, no doubt, find some one to give you a chance.

DOUGLAS, Chicago.—1. Lotta Crabtree. 2. First appeared on the stage in California at eight years of age. Gertrude in "Loan of a Lover" was her first character.

W. T., Philadelphia.—A difficult question to answer. They all have their favorites. Write to either Stephen Roberts or James McKay, who advertise in another column.

LITTLE MILLER, Tamaqua.—1. In case neither one whips it would be a draw. 2. CLIPPER office, 22 Spruce street, will fetch us.

W. B. B., Philadelphia.—Write to the publisher, F. A. Brady, No. 22 Ann street.

J. R. R. LASH, Portsmouth, Va.—Have mailed Nos. 42, 44 and 45 to your address. Cannot send the others you desire.

NOVICE, Washington.—1. He was not married. 2. It is the same lady.

C. H. DE F., Elmira.—We have destroyed your note; write another, if you insist on having it in, and make it short.

PINEY, Camden.—Get some one acquainted with the lady to introduce you. We know of no other correct way.

D. L.—A cannot score anything; but a new deal must be had, the previous dealer losing the deal.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—In throwing off for the second prize, if C's 42 beat M's tie throw, C takes second prize, leaving the third for M.

D. M. F., New London.—It is customary to give the dealer that privilege, but not the other players.

CHARLEY MAYNE, Buffalo.—Your letter arrived just as we were going to press.

CONSTANT READER, Cleveland.—They married and retired from the stage a few years ago.

LONE STAR, Springfield, O.—1. Look over the advertisements in that department. 2. No. 3. Yes.

L. W., Washington, D. C.—The All England Eleven was not beaten by any club while in this country.

J. E. MCD.—Sorry, but yours arrived too late to make correction in advertisement. See dramatic summary.

J. E., Baltimore.—Can't say positively. The *Herald* has that repute.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET.—1. She is the daughter of the lady you mention. Her hair curls naturally. 2. Sixteen years of age.

H. D. F.—1. We cannot locate Mr. St. Maur at present. 2. Tony Denier is considered the best.

C. M. J.—They were at last accounts with J. C. Myers' company at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. W.

PROF. H., St. Joseph, Mo.—The $3 have not been received.

GEO. W. B., Bristol, Ct.—Get "American Hoyle," Dick & Fitzgerald publishers, No. 18 Ann street, N. Y.

H. H. K., Mount Joy, Pa.—1. Avoid being duped by holding on to your money. 2. We are not in that business.

LONE JACK BOY, Grass Valley.—1. She is engaged at Wallack's Theatre, in this city. 2. She is not as good.

ROCHESTER.—Can any of our readers inform us of the present whereabouts of Mr. Wormer, proprietor of Wormer's Stereopticon.

FRED. DIXON, Fort Edward, N. Y.—You are right. Captain Barclay walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours in England.

G. N., JR., Galt, C. W.—According to custom the party who threw two 43s takes the two prizes.

PRINTER.—1. There is no rule either for or against it. 2. As Hoyle says that the lowest deals, the party who turns the ace wins.

EDWARD HAMILTON.—B did not lose his pitch. A should have dealt.

INQUISITIVENESS.—1. The lady is married. Cannot give her age. 2. Fifteen dollars a week is considered a good salary.

YOUNG D.—1. John defeated Sullivan in 37 rounds 55 minutes. 2. Ten miles in 1 hour 26 minutes by Charley Westhall, in England.

SUBSCRIBER.—We gave the information you ask for only last week.

MAC, Terre Haute.—He is an illegitimate child. He was born in Ireland.

G. W. C., New London.—They were probably out of date. Fresh items are always acceptable.

GEO. L. T., Philadelphia.—Your communication arrived too late for this issue. Will appear in our next.

W. A. P., JR., La Porte, Ind.—Five dollars for three months.

WM. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—You should play your hand out.

H. R. N., Baltimore.—They are not married.

A GOOD MANY, Chicago.—See answer to "Douglas."

LULU, Brooklyn.—He has not been divorced from his wife.

J. W., Chicago.—Thank you.

BUTLER, Bangor.—She is the manager's wife.

FANNIE.—Neither of the parties are married.

PETE WILLIAMS.—B having ordered it up, D cannot go alone.

H. F.—He is going to re-open next season.

YANK, St. Louis.—A flush of four only counts four points.

H. A. L.—There is no reliable record of the jumps you mention.

OWEN, Cleveland.—Would be pleased to hear from you.

OBSERVER.—No true ball player would wear one.

DRAMATICUS.—Edwin Booth was married several months since.

BARNEY AARON.—A Cambridgeport letter for you.

OUTDOOR RECREATIONS.

Base Ball Averages of New York and Philadelphia.

WE take pride enough in our own city to desire that we may excel in everything we undertake, whether it be in horse racing, trotting, billiards, rowing, base ball, cricket, or any of those invigorating pastimes which are now so generally attracting the attention of the public at large. We say that in all of our sports and recreations we prefer that New York shall hold the supremacy, but when we are beaten by outside "villagers," or "country clubs," we desire that due credit be given to the victors, and it shall be our purpose—as it ever has been—to give honor to whom honor is due, be it to the Squeedunck yacht club, the wild cat race horses, or the Tinicum Town Pump Base Ball Club. It is only by friendly strife that we can hope to build up the sporting interests of America, which, as yet, may be said to be in their infancy. We are pleased to find that the ever-potent daily press of the country has thought the subject of outdoor sports of sufficient importance to demand and receive proper attention at its hands. This is well. The sporting press has done its share toward popularising healthful recreations, but at the same time it acknowledges with thanks the assistance given by the daily papers of our principal cities. In the *World*, of March 12, we noticed a long article, principally relating to the game of Base Ball, giving some statistics, as well as a running commentary on the doings of the past year, and a look into the future. It is an interesting article to ball players and to all who take an interest in the game, but it contains one or two remarks that should have been omitted, because, in the first place, they were untrue, and secondly because they sought to detract from the well-earned laurels of a club in another city. After giving a table of the averages of the three best players of the principal New York and Brooklyn clubs, it goes on to lay out a programme for the coming season; and, in doing so, says:—

> There will be the usual great matches. The Atlantics will, of course, play the Athletics, and probably a disorderly crowd of roughs will prevent them beating them in the City of Brotherly Love, and the Athletics may, as before, come to New York and go home again sadder and wiser men, etc.

All of which is uncalled for, and calculated to damage the interests of the game. Permit us to say, in reply to the insinuation that roughs prevented the Atlantics from winning in Philadelphia, that, so far from this being the case, there was no disturbance at all. The importance of the opening match of the season between these clubs called together more people than the Athletic grounds could accommodate, and the match was deferred by mutual agreement in consequence of the play-ground being so encroached upon by anxious spectators as to make it impossible for the players on either side to go on with the game. When the New Yorkers *next* visited Philadelphia the tariff of admission to the Athletic grounds was placed at a high figure, and the result was that the clubs played a pleasant game, in a friendly manner, without interference of any kind, and the Atlantics were beaten on their merits by a score of more than three to one. We merely allude to this fact for the purpose of controverting the *World's* allegation that roughs prevented the Atlantics from winning. We were present on that occasion, witnessed the match from beginning to end, and forwarded the result to the CLIPPER office the same evening for publication in that week's paper. We should not seek to undervalue the merits of a club because it has the misfortune to be located outside of New York. No; it should be our purpose to give them all the credit they are entitled to, so that when they *are* beaten by a New York organization the triumphs of the latter may be the greater.

We have taken the liberty of copying from the *World's* article that portion which relates to the average of the three best players of the principal New York and Brooklyn clubs, as follows:—

ACTIVE.			MUTUAL.		
Players.	*Outs.*	*Runs.*	*Players.*	*Outs.*	*Runs.*
Haines	2- 4	3- 1	Zeller	2- 6	3- 7
Hatfield	3- 2	3- 0	UNION.		
Collins	2- 5	2-12	Smith	2-10	4-26
EAGLE.			Abrams	2- 6	4-11
Shaffer, N. B.	2- 2	3- 0	Hannigan	2- 8	4- 9
Norton	2- 3	2- 5	ATLANTIC.		
Hicks	2- 1	2- 4	Start	2- 5	4- 5
EMPIRE.			Smith	2- 3	4- 2
Wilson	2- 4	3- 1	McDonald	2- 8	4- 1
Duncan	2- 4	3- 0	EXCELSIOR.		
Sebring	3- 0	2- 5	Crane	2- 2	4- 1
ECLECTIC.			Flanly	2- 4	3-11
Wright, A. V.	2- 2	3- 0	Norton	3- 0	3-10
Bunting	2- 1	2-15	ECKFORD.		
Ryder	1-11	2-11	John Grum	2- 5	4- 1
GOTHAM.			Beach	2-11	3-13
Wright, G.	1- 4	4- 1	Ryan	2- 2	3-10
Connel	2- 1	4- 1	ENTERPRISE.		
Shrieves	2- 0	3- 2	Patterson	2- 5	3- 7
MUTUAL.			E. Jewell	2- 8	3- 5
Hunt, R.	1-11	4- 3	Hall	2- 6	3- 0
Geldie	2- 5	4- 2			

While awarding praise to our own clubs for the respectable averages they present, we must do the Athletics the justice to give a table of *their* averages for the year 1866, by which it will be seen that the Philadelphia players make a far better exhibit than the best of the New Yorkers are able to show. Let us look at the table:—

During the year 1866 the Athletics played in twenty-five match games with association clubs, in which they scored a total of 1287 runs against 250, giving an average of 51 runs to a match with 12 over, and 6 runs to an inning with 57 over, the best average against association clubs ever recorded. In the averages at the bat it will be seen that McBride takes the lead, Hayhurst being second, and Kleinfelder third. The highest score in a match was 100, and the lowest 17. The highest score against them was 42, and the lowest 2. They defeated the Atlantic and Union clubs once each; also the National, Excelsior, Eureka, Empire, Star, Olympic, Liberty, of New Brunswick; Alert, of Danville, Pa.; Susquehanna, of Wilkesbarre; and Burlington club; and the Irvington, Camden, Keystone, Alert, of Philadelphia; Columbia, of Bordentown; and Philadelphia club, twice each. The only clubs defeating them were the Atlantic and Union, the latter giving them the worst whipping of the season. Twenty different players took part in their games, of which twenty played in five games and over. Below are

THE AVERAGES OF THE ATHLETICS FOR 1866.

Players.	*Matches.*	*Outs.*	*Average of Outs.*	*Runs.*	*Average of Runs.*	*Scores.*	*Byes.*	*Clean Scores.*
Berkenstock	13	68	5- 9	66	4-14	1	0	
Dockney	20	60	3- 0	118	5-18	0	0	
Fisler	16	45	2-13	85	5- 5	0	1	
Gaskill, C. M.	18	52	2-16	100	5-10	0	1	
Hayhurst	15	39	2- 9	82	5- 4	0	0	
Kleinfelder	24	69	2-21	141	5-21	0	1	
McBride	25	58	2- 8	169	6-10	0	2	
McClearey	5	16	3- 1	34	5- 3	0	0	
Pike	10	49	4-11	100	8- 5	0	1	
Reach	23	61	2-15	134	5-10	0	2	
Sensenderfer	12	29	2- 5	65	5- 5	0	0	
Wilkins	23	50	2- 4	125	5-10	0	2	

While we should have preferred to see the record stand in favor of our own clubs, we cannot go back on the figures, which cannot lie, it is said. New York must do better the coming season.

WILL IT?—Will it be in order to call those parties who design visiting the Paris Exposition, parasites?

THE TWO B.'S;

Or, The Showman and the Tadpole.

We have glowing accounts from the land of wooden nutmegs and soft-shell pumpkins, where Phineas T. Barnum the Great Showman and William H. Barnum, the Cast Iron Man, are carrying all before them while canvassing the Fourth Congressional District of the world-renowned State of Connecticut. It is with sincere pleasure that we announce that the Showman has secured the services of James Gordon Bennett for a brief season, for the low comedy business. James, it will be remembered, was committed to the interests of the Cast Iron Man, but Phin. must have oversized the latter's pile, and, by holding out big inducements to the man of letters, succeeded in bringing him into his fold. Horace Greeley, too, has entered for the Showman, so that with the CLIPPER, *Herald* and *Tribune* espousing the righteous cause of the People's Friend, who shall prevail against him; we should like to know. From Maine and New Hampshire we already hear the rumbling of the thunder destined to squelch the infamous Bill Barnum and his uncircumcised tribe of impecunious galoots. In a former article we showed wherein the Cast Iron oppressor of the people was a deadly enemy to the human race, and we have "seen" nothing since to induce us to change our unbiased opinion. The Showman very cordially invited him to stump the State with him, and let an unbridled press and impartial constituency hear, see and judge for themselves who were the most proper man to represent them at Washington; but he scornfully declined to appear before "a mob," as he called the enlightened people of Connecticut. This unfeeling insinuation against the fair fame and escutcheon of a proud though honest race of free and independent voters has not been without its effect, and thousands of gentlemen who compose this "mob," and who were pledged to support the Cast Iron renegade, have since "swung around the circle," and are now among the brightest stars in the Showman's constellation. "*Mob*," indeed. Where would this unfeeling man of iron have been at this day but for the "mob" he now seeks to insult? Who but this "mob" raised him from poverty and placed in his hands the means wherewith to reach the golden pinnacle of irony? Who saved him from a frightful death at a time when his dirty carcase was in danger of being thrown into one of his own fiery furnaces by an outraged workman, whom he attempted to chisel out of a fip-penny bit? 'Twas the "mob" that rescued him from a just punishment. But enough of this, we sicken at the bare recital of the *least* of this iron-handed monster's crimes. The same "mob"—as he ignominiously calls them—that created him can also destroy; and we call upon the "mob," the honest yeomanry of Connecticut, the tillers of the soil, and producers of native nutmegs, &c., to

> "Strike till the last iron foe expires,
> Strike for your altars and your sires,
> God and your native land."

With the Great Showman all is pleasant sailing; wherever he goes there follow after him the bone and sinew of the nation; and as he speaks to them words of cheer, and his sweetly sounding voice rises in defence of their rights and in denunciation of their Cast Iron oppressor, such bursts of genuine, heartfelt applause greet him as have not been heard since Kirby died. There is such a cheerful, winning way about this great and good man as to enlist at once the confidence of his hearers. While the deleterious Iron candidate stigmatizes the people of a mighty State as a "mob," the genial Showman mildly calls them "My Friends." How beautiful is this brilliant idea, this mingling of all the virtuous elements in one "friendly" brotherhood, and how strikingly in contrast with the mobocratic ideas of the corrupt and villainous deceiver of innocent childhood and virtuous widows. We have detailed a *corps* of fighting reporters to attend on the Showman during this exciting canvass, in order to frown down all attempts at rioting that might be made by the Cast Iron Man's blackguard gang. Below will be found a synopsis of an address to the good people of Bridgeport, by Phineas T. Barnum, one day during the past week as taken down by our own reporter. He said:

My Friends—We are assembled here to-day for the purpose of taking counsel together regarding the approaching Congressional election, for which, through your kindness and consideration, I am a candidate. You all know that Jas. Gordon Bennett has espoused the cause of right, and he is now doing good service for me in the ranks. As a low comedy man he is equal to my educated mules, which have provoked such merriment wherever they have appeared. He says to me the other day, says he—"Phin., that cast iron chap must be a vegetarian of some sort." "Why so?" asked I. "Because his nose is a little reddish, and the rest of him is a beat." [*Roars of laughter, and cries of Jamie's one of the boys.*] I was one day describing to him the wonderful machinery by which my Museum in Broadway was conducted, and in proud terms I expatiated on the greatness of superintending a concern of that kind instead of burying poor working people in a fiery furnace. "Do you know, Phin.," says he, "that that egregious iron booby puts me in mind of one of your curiosities?" "Pardon me, friend James," I replied, "but if you seek to maintain our cherished relations, institute no comparison between anything belonging to my great collection and such a baseless fabric as Bill Barnum." "Thou wrong'st me, Phin.," responded the gentlemanly old son of Scotia; "I propose to show you the littleness of the Bill Barnum branch of the tree of life. [*Cheers.*] When Noah built his ark he made it large enough to take in two of each of the animal creation. Well, after all the curiosities were snugly stowed away, (including the late couple,) the gang plank taken in, and the ship started on its excursion, Mr. Noah heard a voice in the distance asking to be taken on board. Thinking it might be some human creature in distress, the noble commander bore down to the place whence the cries proceeded, and there he beheld an insignificant frog. 'Let me in,' says the frog; 'can't do it,' replies Noah, 'we're full.' 'I'll stand on your platform if you can't give me a chance inside.' 'This aint no New York horse car,' says the imperturbable Noah. 'I'll play you a game of keno,' says the deserted frog, 'whether you take me in or not.' Just then Mr. Noah got a better observation of the forlorn creature, and as he did so he exclaimed, 'why, you d—d tadpole, we don't play no skin games here; be off with you, or I'll set Superintendent Kennedy on your track.' You never saw any flog so exasperated as that frog was, and rising to his full height on the chip whereon he was the only passenger, as he sailed, he cried out in the despairing tones of a dying frog: 'Go ahead with your one-horse side show; I'll start a menagerie of my own.' And that's the way with Bill Barnum—finding that the great showman would not take such a carcase into his concern, he gets up a menagerie of his own, with one tadpole as the sole attraction." [*This pleasant little story was received with the wildest applause by the immense congregation of the great showman's friends.*] And my friend Bennett was right. To run a menagerie in proper shape, a candidate for Congress must have the proper material: and as I have all the stock, and the tadpole Barnum has only himself, you can see at a glance what a sorry spectacle he presents. My co-workers, and side-showmen, Bennett and Greeley, will now entertain you while I take up a collection for "the men in the gap."

We shall continue to keep our readers advised of the progress of this contest, if contest it can be called for what sort of a show can you expect from a tadpole like Bill Barnum. No; there is but one Barnum, and the Museum is his profit. Let the Connecticut "mob" rise in their might, and show by their voices and their votes that they "know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain them." Convince this degraded Connecticut tadpole that poverty in rags is far better than sin and vice in purple and fine linen, for

> "Truth crushed to earth will rise again—
> The immortal years of God are hers;
> But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies amid her worshipers."

Then cast your solid votes for the Great Showman—go to the polls *en masse*, and by the aid of a freeman's ballot, elect Phineas T. Barnum to represent you in the Council Chambers of a once more united brotherhood of patriots. Let us again remind you that

> "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

A LADIES' ROWING CLUB.—We understand that in London, Eng., a ladies' rowing club is in progress of organization to contend against each other on the muddy Thames. It is intended to turn out several tours. It is also suggested that they make them eight oared crews—a gentleman behind each lady, who would then have some one to receive her with open arms if she caught a crab. The only drawback is that she would be induced to catch too many. We can hardly believe, though we hear it repeated, that there is a serious intention to get up such an affair. Of course, the ladies will row in flannel jackets. We've no more to say. Let some of our lady friends take up the controversy. The CLIPPER is ready, with open arms, to receive them. Where's "Satanella?"

LAW AGAINST PRIZE FIGHTING.—A bill has been passed in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania against prize fighting in that State. We have not seen a copy of its provisions, but understand that they are very severe, inflicting both fine and imprisonment for violation of the law. It is thought that the bill will become a law. The "boys" will regulate themselves accordingly.

DEATH OF HIRAM WOODRUFF.—The death of this celebrated sportsman, so long connected with trotting affairs in this country, occurred on the 15th inst. As might be supposed, his death has caused sincere regret among his many friends, of whom it may be truly said, "their name was legion." For a biography of the departed turfman our readers are referred to another column.

FALLS AND FUNERALS.—A ball was recently given in a western town for the purpose of raising means for the purchase of a hearse. This is going from gay to grave, in reality.

THE JOLLY CROWS are to have a grand time at De Garmo's Academy, No. 82 Fifth avenue, on the 28th inst. We are complimented by an invitation to be a Jolly Crow on the occasion.

DUTY ON RACE HORSES.—A parliamentary return just issued states that the duty on race horses in England last year was £8,424, being an increase of of £678 on the preceding year.

THE CITY AT MIDNIGHT.

Now that the Excise Law is in good working order, it is amusing to visit some of the drinking saloons of the city just before midnight; for then it is that, just as the long strike is about to commence, hundreds of thirsty wayfarers rush frantically to the nearest bar-room for the last drink. 'Tis then that the bar-keepers fly round with the agility of a mouse, pouncing deftly on the various bottles called for, producing glasses with the celerity of a lightning glass blower, and urging the thirsty travelers to hurry up, as it's "just twelve." Indefatigable policemen are on the alert outside, ready to "jerk" the unlucky bar-keeper, and give him a night's lodging at the city's expense. Occasionally some tipsy disciple will insist on having another drink, until the law-abiding proprietor of the house is obliged to "urge" him out, and slam the door in his face, when it is quite probable that the thirsty soul will be pounced upon by the "mermaidens of the law," as "Our Jim" calls them, and handed over to the tough mercy of a police magistrate. If it were possible, fellow-sufferers, for us to reach to the top of the turret which surrounds the City Hall clock, and look down from that stand point of time upon the city as it appears at twelve o'clock at night, the contemplation would not be without instruction. In most parts just now, New York is perfectly quiescent at midnight; in the aristocratic thoroughfares up town, scarcely the rumble of a wheel or the passing foot of a pedestrian is to be heard; away down-town, and by the river side, everything wears a solemn aspect, grimly silent. In the Bowery, in Chatham street, Broadway, and like places, people at midnight still move and have their being; but they are shut out from those establishments where, in other days, they were wont to drop in, smile, refresh and pay, and travel on. Not even by the dawn's early light can they see hope and whiskey. No, it takes the glorious sun to open the doors of these medicine men and let the patients in.

And yet, while the city is wrapped in slumber's sweet repose, and midnight's solemn hour gives token that her people are imbedded in the innocent sleep the virtuous only know, if you, dear reader could only by some sort of legerdemain obtain admittance into our many drinking saloons, you would there find thousands of our law-abiding citizens quietly taking a nip, and bar-keepers quietly waiting on their customers, and proprietors calmly standing by, surveying the scene, with doors locked, window shutters closed, and lights dimly burning; everybody and everything oblivious to the liquor law, and all inwardly chuckling at the way they are shutting the eyes of the Excise Commissioners. Various and curious are the devices resorted to by inveterate drinkers to get their "laughing waters," and equally strange and varied are the means devised by proprietors to succor and comfort their afflicted and feverish patients; even in the stillness of night, at that hour when, as the Duke of Gloster says,

> "Half the world is in a lonely, solemn darkness hung,"

a few brief hours suffice to change the scene, when the great city wakes up to the life-struggle of a day.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MARCH 19.—Tom Kelly and Bill Parkinson, 8st., $500 a side.
APRIL 9.—George Rooke and Chas. Collins, 10st. 10lbs., $500 a side.
11.—Tommy Chandler and Dooney Harris, 9st. 12lbs., $2,500 a side in gold.
JUNE 5.—Sam Collyer and Barney Aaron, catch weight, $1,500 a side and the Light Weight Championship.
JULY 9.—Jimmy Elliott and Charley Gallagher, catch weight, $500 a side.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.
ARTICLES SIGNED AND $200 POSTED
FOR
SAM COLLYER AND BARNEY AARON
TO FIGHT
ON JUNE 5, FOR $1,500 A SIDE.

As Collyer had promised, he met Aaron at our office on Wednesday, the 13th inst., and put down his sign manual to meet the anxious one on Wednesday, the 5th of June next, for $1,500 a side, at catch weight, open for as much more as may be hereafter agreed upon. At their previous meeting the Champion gave us to understand that he intended to accommodate Barney any way, but preferred to consult his backers before taking any hasty steps in the matter, so now that he has given in to Aaron as to the place of fighting, the only point in dispute, Barney's card of last week will fall harmless to the ground. He considers his late opponent's haste to rush into print rather ill timed, asserting that it would not have been his plan so to do if in Aaron's situation, after having been promised a final and satisfactory answer but two days afterwards. Collyer also considers the language thereof uncalled for and very unusual, but prefers to let it pass in silence to answering the various charges preferred against him. The news of the making of the match set the talkers aback, and now they are as enthusiastic in acknowledging Collyer's business like actions as they were before in condemning the same. They had little or no trouble in arranging matters, and but few words passed between them at their second meeting, although their attendant satellites were equally as numerous as before. Theo. Davis was Barney's right bower and Mike Henry Sam's, and no one deserves more credit for sticking to his friend than that same Henry, of 69 Fulton st., Brooklyn, for his services to Young Walter. Collyer's long residence in Williamsburgh, in years gone by, will be the means of gathering around him a host of "the Brooklyn boys," although they are divided in opinion, part of the South Brooklyn division taking sides with the New York representative of 233 Bowery. As enough has been said previously in relation to this absorbing match, we will close up by calling attention to the articles, omitting the names of the stakeholder and the State in which these worthy young gladiators have to contend, for obvious reasons.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this thirteenth day of March, 1867, between Sam Collyer and Barney Aaron. The said Sam Collyer agrees to fight the said Barney Aaron a fair stand up fight according to the New Rules as revised in 1866, by which the said Sam Collyer and Barney Aaron hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of one thousand five hundred dollars ($1,500) a side and the Light Weight Championship, open for as much more as may be hereafter agreed upon. The said fight to be at catch weight, and shall take place on Wednesday, the fifth day of June, 1867. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred dollars a side is herewith deposited in the hands of Frank Queen. The second deposit of one hundred dollars a side shall be made at the CLIPPER office on Wednesday, March 20, and the succeeding deposits, of a like amount at the same place every Wednesday, until Wednesday, the 15th day of May, 1867, when the final deposit of $500 a side shall be put up at the CLIPPER office as above stated. The said deposits to be made good by 5 o'clock P. M.; of the days above specified, or either party failing to have his money up to forfeit the whole amount down. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of six and seven o'clock A. M., or the man absent to forfeit the battle money. That in the event of magisterial interference, the referee, if appointed, shall appoint the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week—if the referee is not appointed then the stakeholder shall so act. That the expenses of the ropes and stakes shall be borne by the winner. The stakes not to be given up until fairly won or lost by a fight. In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names:

SAM COLLYER.
BARNEY AARON.

Witness—THEO. DAVIS.
M. HENRY.
ED. JAMES.

MCCOOLE'S $500.
A CHANCE FOR AARON JONES, PROBABLY.

As Davis couldn't be backed to fight Ned Burnett again for $500, we see little or no prospect of his being able to raise $1,000 or more for a match with McCoole—at least not for the present. Seeing that the Californian defeated the young Irishman, Burnett, and can't get the stamps to give him another go, it is not likely that the same parties will care to put out for him to make another match with Michael McCoole, who conquered him, as the former would naturally appear the softest job of the two to any thinking man. In this dilemma, we have to inquire of McCoole what he intends to do now. We have had $500 belonging to Michael for three weeks, but there it rests, not a word from any quarter has been received since. Does McCoole intend to leave his challenge open to all America? And, if so, where is Aaron Jones? Here's a fine opportunity for a championship mill in earnest. Right away after McCoole's victory over Davis Jones appeared very eager to get a chance at the winner, and he is probably yet, if agreeable. As the bold card from Aaron when in Baltimore, reading that he would meet either Elliott or Gallagher, in case they didn't get on, or the winner of the Davis and Burnett affair, taking chances to fight two of the four, and possibly the two best, he may now be willing to confine himself to one, seeing that E. and G. have signed articles and posted, and D. and B. have dropped their match altogether, there being but one big man, just now, who seems to care about fighting, and that man is Michael McCoole, of St. Louis. From the fact of his sending $500 to fight, we take it that he may leave it open for somebody else, now that Davis has had such hard luck in a financial point of view. We may be wrong, but we think we're right, and if Jones has aught to say, let him say it now, or forever hold his peace."

COLLYER AS A CLOG DANCER.—In our time we have come across a number of those who follow the manly art able to shake a leg with the best of them, but few have ever made anything out of it. Johnny Golden, when disposed, can dance a rattling clog dance, so can Johnny Aaron and others. Johnny Sweetman is A 1 on a jig, and Mike Trainor, too, but they only did it for fun. Sam Collyer is the first professional pugilist we know of who has made this accomplishment a business, and combined it with his pugilistic reputation. We were among the crowd present at his *debut* at Tony Pastor's Opera House on the 11th inst, and such another crowd was never in that hall before. The house was jammed with sporting men, and when Sam first appeared he was very warmly received, notwithstanding a rumor that he was to be cried down because he didn't make the match that day. In the early part of the evening, with a snow-white tight shirt cut above the elbow, and the drawers he fought McGlade in, he swung a pair of Indian clubs 12lb each, going through some new and difficult movements picked up from seeing others; this he does creditably. In his clog dance, he and his two boys, Eddie and Dan, dress just

BALL PLAY.

Horsman's Base Ball and Croquet Emporium.
I am now prepared to supply my former patrons and the public generally with my SUPERIOR BASE BALLS, which, for hardness and durability, are acknowledged to be unsurpassed. Also, THE NEW CHAMPION SCORE BOOK (just published), BASES, SPIKED SHOES, SPIKES, CAPS, UNIFORMS, AND A LARGE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF BELTS AND BATS, TO WHICH I WOULD CALL SPECIAL ATTERTION.
CROQUET,
FOR THE FIELD, CARPET AND TABLE, in every variety; MARTELLE, FOR THE FIELD AND PARLOR; PARLOR BASE BALL, CRANDELL'S NEW PATENT BUILDING BLOCKS, &c.
Send for Circular.
E. J. HORSMAN,
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George B. Ellard, Sportsmen's Emporium.
BASE BALL AND CRICKET IMPLEMENTS, Flannel, Parlor Games, Fireworks, Skates, Hunting requisites, Velveteen, Cord, Duck and everything in the sporting line. Base ball clubs supplied, with every article required for the game, of the best quality and newest style. Agent for "The New York Club Skate."
143 MAIN STREET,
48-12m* Cincinnati, Ohio.

New York City Base Ball Emporium
AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of, or make to order Belts, Bases, Balls, Bats, Caps, Shoes, Spikes, Foul Flags and uniforms of every description.
Peck's New Pocket Score Books, 10, 25, 50 and 88 cents each.
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Base Ball Players' Book of Reference, 15 and 25 cents each.
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ANDREW PECK & CO.,
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Acknowledged by Base Base Ball Players to be the MOST COMPLETE AND SIMPLE SCORE BOOK ever published, from 25c to $6. MARTIN'S EQUATION or AVERAGE TABLES. Coot Vent or patent Ink Cork. Liberal discount to the trade.
WILBUR & HASTINGS,
50-1t* Manufacturing Stationers, 40 Fulton street.

OPENING OF THE SEASON OF 1867.

Monday, March 11th, a party of Brooklyn ball players took advantage of the fine weather, so as to claim the honor of opening play for the season of 1867, by passing the ball around for an hour or so on the Carroll Park Grounds, Brooklyn, which locality has always been the scene of the opening exercises each year, from the fact of the soil being of that nature as to admit of play when no other ground could be used. The Carroll Park grounds are occupied by four clubs, the Star, Mohawk, Independent and Typographical, besides several first class junior organizations. Its tenure as a ball ground is likely to be brief, however, as the increase of building in the neighborhood is gradually narrowing the boundary of the vacant space in that locality. Henceforth, every fine, mild afternoon will see a congregation of ball players, and especially will this be the case on Saturdays.

Several new ball grounds will be inaugurated this year. The Hobsons, of Morrisania, are trying to find one; the Eurekas, of Newark, also. The Satellite Association of East Brooklyn, are to make their fine ground a popular locality for ball players, besides making it a fine cricket ground. The St. George Club will open their new ground on the hill back of Hoboken, and on this first class ball, as well as cricket, matches are to be played. The several fields at Hoboken too, will be made a busy scene of ball playing as soon as the turf will admit of field operations. It will be May, however, before much is done here. The Union Grounds in Brooklyn, and the noted Capitoline Grounds, will be prepared soon for the occupation of the leading clubs. The Excelsiors talk of laying out a ground of their own. They made a great mistake in not doing 4 years ago. The probability is, however, that they will retain their position at the Capitoline Grounds for this year. The Resolute Club are to turn out this season in strong force, and take an active part in the campaign. The Orientals are already open for challenges from any club; in fact they are spoiling for a match. The Mutuals and Acuives of New York are to have very strong teams. Pike and Dockney are with the former, besides some new men. The Monmouths intend presenting a fine team, and likewise some of the other new members of the N. A. B. B. P. intend putting in a strong appearance

In Philadelphia great preparations are being made for the coming season. Clubs are organizing by the dozen. We hope all the Association Clubs of Philadelphia will see to it that the scores of their first nine matches with each other are published in the CLIPPER, for it is from our files that the data for the season's averages of Association Clubs is mostly taken. We learn that the Olympic Club talk of visiting Washington this summer. They ought to take a trip to Brooklyn first and play that return game with the Excelsiors. It is about time, too, that the Keystones came this way again. Some of the other clubs, too, would find it profitable to their playing strength to have a few games with the leading clubs here.

In Boston the game is to be very lively, and the Common will no doubt be the scene of many a brilliant contest this summer. The Lowells are to visit New York in June to practice in a few matches with our metropolitan clubs, with a view of preparing them by defeat here for victory at home and the retention of the silver ball for another year.

In Hartford quite a *furore* exists for the game, and base ball will be the rage for the next five months. The Charter Oaks are to strive hard to retain their leading position this year, but they won't have such an easy time of it as last.

In Chicago also base ball is to be the feature of the out door sport season, and among other attractions will be the great Base Ball Tournament, in which some of our New York clubs will probably take part.

In Cincinnati the fever has developed itself strongly, and base ball clubs are springing up there like mushrooms, not to be, however, of such evanescent existence, we trust.

In Washington there are now twelve first class clubs, and this number will make the season quite a busy one there. The feature of the campaign, however, is to be the grand tourney in September, in which the Richmond clubs are to participate.

The game will open as early in April as the weather will admit of. All are anxious to get into the field again. Our base ball readers may expect to see the fullest and most reliable latest accounts of base ball matches in the CLIPPER.

BASE BALL IN WASHINGTON.—There are to be lively times in Washington this season among the base ball fraternity. By way of beginning week before last a preliminary meeting was held for the organization of a District Base Ball Association, in accordance with the new Constitution of the National Association. The District of Columbia has some twenty ball clubs within its boundaries, or will have by the first of May, and the admirable facilities the Washington clubs possess in the way of ball grounds, and the close vicinity of the fields to the Department offices is a great aid to the popularity of the game. Henceforth every fine afternoon will see the Washington ball tossers passing the ball round on the President's ground, or taking part in match games. The National club is making extensive preparations to mark the season of 1867 as the most brilliant and successful in the history of their club. The programme of the club for the season includes a trip with their friends of the Excelsior club to Richmond, in June; a visit to Boston, Albany, &c., in July; a grand tournament with Southern clubs in Washington during September, and a closing tourney in October. The Association clubs, of Washington, this year, are the Continental, Empire, Gymnastic, Interior, Jefferson, National, Olympic, Potomac and Union. On March 4th, the Nationals elected officers for 1867, and an excellent choice was made, as will be seen by the following list. President, Col. Frank Jones; Vice President, Col. Wm. G. Moore, of the White House; Recording Sec., M. A. Tappen; Corresponding Sec., J. D. Hyer; Treas., A. R. Benner; Directors, Col. F. Jones, A. P. Gorman, Harry C. McLean, Wm. F. Williams, Jos. Cowan; Scorer, H. T. Munson. The Union club elected the following officers on the 1st inst.: President, R. M. Drinkard; Vice President, H. C. Harmon; Recording Secretary, W. H. Hills; Corresponding Secretary, J. J. Beardsley; Treasurer, J. R. Lathrop; Board of Directors, J. J. Beardsley, H. H. Cassidy and T. C. Quantrill. Our Washington friends will find files of the CLIPPER at Cronin's Base Ball Headquarters, 268 Pennsylvania avenue. Dick is going to keep a bulletin of games played, besides all the base ball books published.

THE CONVENTION BOOK.—The annual book of the National Association has been issued for 1867, and can now be had of the Recording Secretary of the Association by club members thereof. The book numbers sixty-four pages of matter, twenty-one more pages than last year's book. The contents are a brief history of the National Association, with lists of all the officers since its organization; Minutes of the Convention of 1866, together with the clubs represented and names of delegates, reports of committees in full, and the amended rules of the game. The book is issued for the Association Clubs only, each club receiving eighteen copies. None are for sale, and therefore the fraternity generally depend upon other books for information in regard to the game. The book has been neatly printed by Messrs. Ames, McFarlan and Russell, all ball players, the two former belonging to the Resolute club, and the latter being a member of the Empire. It appears three months in advance of last year's book, and has twice the amount of matter. Five thousand copies were ordered to be printed by the Association when 8,000 would not have been too many.

CHAMPION SCORE BOOK.—This new work can be obtained by calling upon or addressing Wilbur & Hastings, as directed in adv. in this column.

THE NEW RULES.—The Secretary of the National Association sends us the following:—"The books containing the new rules and regulations are ready for delivery to the various clubs. Mr. A. H. Rogers, Recording Secretary, 66 Broad street, will deliver them to all clubs in New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Irvington, Jamaica, Jersey City, Flatbush, Hoboken and Westchester county; Mr. A. J. Reach, 404 Chestnut street, is to attend to the Philadelphia clubs, and Mr. C. E. Coon will attend to the Washington clubs. The Recording Secretary's post office address is Box 6,718."

THE TENNESSEE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The Lookout Club, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who won the championship of the State by vanquishing the Cumberlands, of Nashville, last fall, and lost it again in a tussle with the Lightfoots in January, have again attained that position by beating the latter club two out of three matches. The deciding game was played on the 2d inst., the Lookout Club obtaining an overwhelming victory—40 to 19 in a full game.

ELECTION.—The Buckeye Club, of Cincinnati, Ohio, held their annual election of officers on the 6th inst., when the following gentlemen were chosen to serve for the ensuing year:—President, Geo. F. Sands; Vice President, Jas. E. Sherwood; Secretary, Frank Harvey; Treasurer, Phil Lishawa; Directors, Wm. P. Wright, John L. Boake, Capt. H. H. Tatem and Geo. W. Smith.

CLUB ELECTION.—At the regular meeting of Capital Base Ball Club, of Madison, Wis., held on Wednesday evening, March 6th, 1867, the following officers were elected:—James Richardson, President; James E. Proudfit, Vice President; Frank M. Dorn, Secretary; Edwin C. Mason, Treasurer; Directors, James E. Fisher, Manning Tredway and A. B. Lewis.

AQUATICS.

James McKay.
BOAT BUILDER AND SPOON OAR MAKER.
Builder of the Fastest Boats in the Country, as well as all of Hamill's boats, also Ward's celebrated four oared boats. Sail, Fishing and Pleasure boats built to order. Red House,
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Race Boats and Spoon Oars, Shells, Sailing, Club and Fishing Boats of all descriptions, made to order and on hand. Also, Metallic Life Boats on hand and made to order, at the old Boat Shop foot of One Hundred and Fourteenth street and Harlem River, and No. 368 South street. 50 Boats on hand.
46-tf STEPHEN ROBERTS.

Nautilus Branch, No. 14 Ann street (formerly No. 1 Barclay st), two doors from the New Herald Building.
34-3m THOMAS C. BURNS, Proprietor.

THE AQUATIC CHAMPIONSHIP.—The tenacity of winter and its lothness to break up, has prevented any unusual excitement as yet anent the first great rowing match for the season of '67, and that for the championship and $2,000, between Walter Brown and Jimmy Hamill, the news of which, and the articles too, we find copied in the sporting journals of the other side. This American match will make almost as much talk in England, as that of Kelly and Chambers, and here the English match will cause more stir than any previous championship sculling race in England, barring that between Hamill and Kelly. The climate across the ocean admits of Bob and Harry's practicing on their native streams, the former on the Tyne and the latter on the Thames, thus early, but with us the elements have been decidedly opposed to boating practice, and what exercise is done has pretty much to be within doors. On fine days, however, the early risers in Portland and Pittsburgh may see their respective champions "taking their walks abroad," and beginning gradually the preliminary work to be done before they can think of jumping into their frail shells in the month of May. One of Brown's boats, built by Charles Elliott—and a beauty she is too—is finished all but the polishing, which is being done at the manufactory of Phelan & Collender, in Crosby street, and when completed it will be transported to Portland direct.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO THE HARVARD CREW.—The gold medals which the Citizens' Regatta Committee of Worcester, Mass., voted to give each member of the winning crew in the College race on Lake Quinsigamond last year, have been struck off, and will soon be presented to the Harvard boys. The obverse bears a representation of a six-oared boat and crew, with the inscription "Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass.," and the date, "July 27, 1866." The reverse has a triumphal wreath, with flags and oars crossed, and in the centre the name of the recipient engraved in ornamental style.

STEAM VS. ELECTRICITY.—The electric boat invented by M. Molin, of Paris, is to be tried in the grand basin of the Tuileries at an early day. Its inventor hopes to prove that electricity, as a motive power, possesses many qualities superior to steam; and should the success of this experiment be demonstrated, M. Molin will be entrusted with the application of his discovery to a large vessel.

MILWAUKEE BOAT CLUB.—The annual election of officers for the above club was held in the City of Bricks on the 7th inst., when the following officers were elected:—Alex. Young, President; J. McClurey, Vice President; W. A. Hones, Secretary; John Crocker, Treasurer. This club is quite an old institution and will open this season under very favorable auspices. They have over $4,000 worth of property, to which they are constantly adding. McKay, of this city, is now building them a new six oared shell, from which the boys expect big things. Connected with the club there is also a 40 ton yacht, owned by the President. They claim the championship of Lake Michigan and would like to have their right thereto tested by some of the Buffalo, Detroit, Sandusky or Cleveland clubs. What say the accused?

IMPORTANT TO YACHTSMEN.—At a recent meeting of the New York Yacht Club, the subject of altering the classification of yachts or of modifying the regulations governing the allowance of time, which now operates disadvantageously to those of larger dimensions and prevents their entering in regattas, was brought up for consideration, and after some discussion was referred to a committee who are to report proceedings on the third Thursday of May next.

BOATING CHALLENGE TO MCGEE, OF BOSTON.—Understanding that Mr. McGee and mate, who won the champion double scull prize last year at the Boston Regatta, given on the Fourth day of July, on Charles River, are anxious to row any two oarsmen in New England; in answer to the above I will say that I will make a match with the above named gentlemen to row a double scull race of three miles for $100 or $500 a side, and toss for choice of course, to be rowed at Portland or Boston, or will give and take $50 for expenses. Upon the acceptation of this I will send a forfeit, GEORGE LEIGHTON.

KELLY VS. CHAMBERS.—We are glad to hear that this important event is progressing satisfactorily, another deposit having been duly posted on Kelly's behalf with the editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*. Kelly, though not yet perfectly recovered from an accident to his foot, has been able to do slight work, and we hope before long to announce his complete restoration to health, that nothing may mar the interest attaching to the great struggle on the Tyne on May 6. Chambers' deposit has also been made good, and we hear Bob continues well, and is taking occasional spins on the water. On Thursday afternoon, Feb. 27, nearly twenty of Chambers' staunch supporters and friends sat down to an excellent dinner at the King's Head Inn, St. Anthony's, Newcastle, Eng. The meeting was strictly of a social character. James Wilkinson occupied the chair, and J. Tweddle the vice-chair; and amongst the company were Messrs. W. Blakey, R. Tweddle, G. H. Smart, T. Horn, J. H. Clasper, J. Smith, Sandbridge and the champion. During the proceedings the chairman complimented Chambers on his excellent state of health, and as he was about going into training, he hoped (as he had every confidence) that when the moment of action came to decide the greatest aquatic contest ever rowed in the present century, he would be in his best trim. He also remarked that a report was current that Kelley had accidentally sprained his foot. If it were so, he could assure Kelley that not only himself, but the company before him, had the greatest sympathy with him. He hoped, however, the rumor was ill founded; and if both men came well to the post, he had no doubt the race would be the greatest struggle on record. The afternoon was spent with the greatest harmony. The champion looked remarkably well, and has abundance of confidence.

JAMES TAYLOR AND JAMES PERCY, FOR £100.—On Friday evening, March 1, J. Adams posted a fiver for James Taylor, and R. Sterling posted a similar amount for James Percy, to row in the month of May a rightaway sculler race, from the High Level Bridge to Lemington Point, Newcastle, Eng., for the above sum. The parties were to meet on Monday evening, March 5, between the hours of eight and ten, to draw up articles.

HOME AGAIN.—Samuel Collyer, backer of the once famous Collyer four-oared crew, who left some time since for Brazil, has returned home, a wiser, but not a richer man. Mr. Collyer reports South American affairs in a very demoralized condition. It is needless to say that he does not contemplate a speedy return.

BILLIARDS.

A Second Hand Billiard Table For Sale at $50.
Call at BEER'S, 142½ East Broadway, New York. 50-1t*

EXHIBITION BY PHELAN AND MCDEVITT.—These experts played at the Clifford House, Bleecker street, on Thursday night last. In a game of 500 points McDevitt showed surprising play, while that of Phelan was excellent, to say the least. McDevitt won by 251 points, his best runs being 238 and 97. In a subsequent game of 300 points, McDevitt, having the superintendent of the room as an opponent, ran 227, and won by upwards of 100.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF MASSACHUSETTS.—William A. Tobin, champion of the Bay State, has been challenged, it is announced, by John H. Peck, a player well known in Boston.

CLOSED FOR REPAIRS.—Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, has closed his billiard room for repairs. It will be re-opened on the 25th inst., with thirteen tables, the frame work being of Julius Balke's make, and the cushions supplied by Phelan & Collender. Ten will be carom tables, and the other three four pocket. When closed the room had eleven tables. Phelan, McDevitt and others contemplate assisting Tieman at the opening.

THE CHAMPION.—Contrary to general expectation, Joseph Dion did not arrive here last week though he had telegraphed he would.

BILLIARDS IN WILLIAMSBURGH.—Melvin Foster, Dudley Kavanagh and Pierre Carme gave an exhibition week before last at the International Shades. Kavanagh and Foster played a game, and Carme executed a few fancy shots.

MCDEVITT VS. CARME.—These two billiard experts were expected to be matched last week, and we expected to be able to announce that such was the case in this issue, but are disappointed, for the Frenchman seems to fight shy of his would be opponent, by making absurd propositions. His "policy" is all the time "swinging round the circle."

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LEWIS BENEDICT.

This popular Ethiopian comedian is at present one of the managers of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels and occupies the tambourine end. As an end man he is probably one of the best in the business; and for originality and the ability to play in words is excelled by few if any. His manipulation of the tambourine is very good and his singing on the end as well as his pathetic ballads in the olio, is a feature in each evening's entertainment of Duprez & Benedict Minstrels. As a comedian he is exceedingly droll. Fun twinkles in his eyes, and fun plays around the corners of his cavernous mouth. In all his sketches in the olio part of the programme he is very laughable. His elaborate exordiums to nothing in particular—his unctuous repetitions of meaningless phrases—his inveterate habit of misquotation—his apparently unconscious transition from pathos to bathos and from the logical to the ludicrous—keep the audience in roars of laughter.

THE INTERNATIONAL QUOITING MATCH—HODSON REPLIES TO WALKINSHAW.—The challenge from the Carlops Tailor to Wm. Hodson to play him a match at quoits in Scotland, he allowing his opponent $125 in gold to go there, (a rather small allowance it's true) has resulted in the following reply from Hodson, but as our friend says nothing at all about expenses, we fear they won't come together unless a home and home match is arranged—one to take place in the Land of Cakes and the other in Yankee Doodledum. Let us hear more explicity from both when next they write. Here is the rejoinder of Hodson's:—

MR. QUEEN.—Seeing a challenge to me in a late number of the CLIPPER from Walkinshaw, the Carlops Tailor, of Glasgow, Scotland, to play me or any other man in America, I think in duty to myself and in honor to this, my adopted country, that such a challenge should not go unnoticed. I, William Hodson, of America, will play Walkinshaw, or any other man in the Kingdom of Great Britain, 21 yards distance, or 18 yards, for one thousand dollars a side or upwards, to play in New York City, nine inch quoits, each to choose a hob and not to be above one inch above the clay, and to be stiff sticking clay ends and no clay to be disturbed till after measurement; to measure to the top of the hob. Should these lines meet the views of Mr. Walkinshaw, by sending one hundred dollars to the CLIPPER and articles of agreement I will immediately attend to it. Mr. Frank Queen to be the final stakeholder. All communications to be addressed to Wm. Barnes, 1,520 Otis street, 18th Ward, Philadelphia.

THE TURF.

DEATH OF HIRAM WOODRUFF,
THE CELEBRATED TURFITE.

The trotting turf of America has just sustained an irreparable loss by the death of one of its shining lights, the world famous Hiram Woodruff. This melancholy event, which has thrown a gloom over the turf circles of this and other cities, took place unexpectedly on Friday morning, the 15th inst., at his own residence, near the Union Course, L. I. For some days previously he had been confined to his room by a severe cold, which resulted in congestion of the lungs, and terminated in his death on the day above mentioned. He completed his fiftieth year on Washington's Birthday, February 22d, which event he celebrated by a large social assemblage of his most intimate friends, on which occasion he appeared in his usual high spirits. None then anticipatd that in three short weeks he would no longer be numbered among the living, but that all that remained of him would be the remembrance of that enviable character for uncorruptible honesty, truth and spotless integrity, which has identified his name with the trotting turf of America, and which will ever "keep his memory green."

Hiram Woodruff was born at Flemington, N. J., Feb. 22d, 1817, and may be said to have been brought up on the turf. His father, and his uncle, the celebrated George Woodruff, whose name and fame are so intimately associated with that of old Topgallant, were well known able trainers and drivers of trotting horses, so that Hiram's connection with fast steppers commenced at an early age. His first appearance on the turf in a race for money, was on the Old Hunting Park Course at Philadelphia, when only fourteen years of age, where he rode a horse called Shaking Quaker, for a small sweepstakes, against two other young jockeys, Peter Whelan and James Hamill, both of whom have since become prominent horsemen and made their names known on the turf. In this race he was successful, showing such fine promise that Mr. Frank Duffy, who had matched his mare Lady Kate to trot fifteen miles within the hour, selected him to ride her in the race. This came off over the Central Course, Baltimore, and the mare trotted sixteen miles, still leaving her three minutes within the hour to spare. His next important mount was upon Paul Pry, a grey horse of Messenger blood that his owner, Mr. McLeod, had matched to trot sixteen miles within the hour, for $250 a side, and then $250 more a side for every quarter of a mile up to seventeen miles and three quarters, thus making the whole amount $2,000 a side. The race came off on the Union Course, L. I., Nov. 8th, 1833, and Paul Pry won easily, doing eighteen miles with a minute and some seconds to spare within the hour. Hiram always declared that he could that day have ridden him twenty miles within the hour. This race brought the rising young jockey into prominent notice, and from this time the name of Hiram Woodruff has been associated either as trainer, driver or rider, with the fastest horses that have since distinguished themselves upon the turf. Among the long list which extends over a period of over thirty years, we may mention the names of Topgallant, Paul Pry, Whalebone, Ajax, Dutchman, Rapton, Confidence, Ross of Washington, Kemble Jackson, Lady Suffolk, Boston Girl, Lady Woodruff, Kentucky Prince, Flora Temple, Lady Emma, Dexter, etc. It was Dutchman, however, more than any other horse, that in his early career, brought the young horseman into prominence. He trained and rode him in his memorable match against time for $1,000, on the Centreville Course, L. I., when he trotted three miles under saddle in the then, as now, unprecedented time of *seven minutes, thirty-two and-a-half seconds*. This record, although both General Butler and the world renowned "Queen of the Turf," Flora Temple, have both essayed the achievement, has never been beaten or equalled. Of all the old time trotters, Dutchman lay nearest Hiram's heart, and he was never tired of conversing about his old favorite. At the time this renowned horse was in his glory, the race tracks were not kept in such good condition or so favorable to fast time as now; neither were vehicles so perfect in their build; yet, even then, Hiram's skill, both as a trainer and driver, enabled him to make "time" in those days which is still looked upon with reverence. It was on the Union Course, L. I., Sept. 2d, 1856, that he drove the "little bay mare," Flora Temple, in harness, against Tacony, in the then unequaled time of 2:24½—a performance which then created greater excitement in the sporting world than did even the achievement of Dexter's 2:18 ten years afterwards. To Hiram Woodruff is the honor due of training the last named wonder of the turf, the little white nosed son of Hambletonian, throughout his career, until he was disposed of last summer. He trained him for his memorable match against time, when, ridden by John Murphy, he undertook, for a wager of $1,000 to $5,000, not only to beat Flora Temple's great record of 2:19½, but also to knock off the fraction, and go a mile in less than 2:19. As is now a matter of notoriety, he won with ease, doing the distance in 2:18 1-5. His unequaled skill as a driver, was, perhaps, the most conspicuous in his races with Ripton against Confidence; Kentucky Prince against Lady Sutton; Kemble Jackson against O'Blennis; Iola, Prince and Boston Girl; and Dexter against General Butler and George Wilkes. But his brilliant jockeyship was manifested on such innumerable occasions, that it may appear even invidious to particularize those above mentioned. Great and unparalleled, however, as was his skill, his quickness of eye, sensitiveness of hand, resolute will and consummate judgment, it was not to these qualities that the nestor of the turf owed his high reputation. It was to his unswerving integrity and his incorruptible honesty, that he was indebted for that high and proud estimation in which he was held in every country where horse racing is popular. He was never known to sell or throw a race, and whenever he appeared on a race track it was known by all that he came to try to win, and no amount of gold could tempt him to do otherwise. Thus every one had faith in him, and never was that trust misplaced. He has left a name for truth, honor and uprightness that cannot be excelled, and which will endure as long as the sport itself which he so elevated and improved.

Although successful beyond his compeers on the turf, Hiram Woodruff was far from being a wealthy man. His open hearted liberality, generous disposition, and his unswerving integrity, kept him poor, while his more unscrupulous fellow jockeys gained wealth. So high, however, was the estimation in which he was held, that a short time ago a number of gentlemen in all parts of the Union, who took an interest in the old turf hero's welfare, united and purchased the hotel and surrounding grounds in which he resided, and presented the title deeds to him as a mark of their appreciation of his skill as trainer and driver, and for his honesty as a man. Unfortunately, he has not lived long to enjoy this substantial token of their esteem. By his death the sporting world has sustained an irreparable loss. His stables were full of the finest stock in the country, ready to be prepared for the coming season's campaign.

His funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, the 17th inst., and was attended by over a thousand persons, embracing all the prominent turfites of New York. Among them were his old associates, Dan Pfiffer, Sam Hoagland, William Whelan, Dan Mace, John Crooks, John Lovell, Col. Jno. Perrin, George Hall, Louis Pettee, George Perrin, Joseph Crocheron, Oliver Marshall, James Jacks, George Mitchell, David Hoagland, John J. Snediker, E. V. Snediker, etc. The funeral services were conducted in the house, and, at their close, the majority of the persons present filed slowly through the room in which the body lay, and took their last solemn look on the features of the lamented dead. Two superb wreaths of camelias, tuberoses and orange blossoms were placed on the lid of the coffin, and at a little after three o'clock, the procession moved from the home of the deceased to his last resting place in Cypress Hills Cemetery. The pall bearers were Oliver Marshall, of Boston; S. D. Hoagland, William Whelan, John J. Snediker, E. V. Snediker, Joseph Crocheron, John Crooks and W. Simonson. A heavy snow storm prevailed throughout the day, otherwise the attendance would have been much larger. Peace to the ashes of the greatest horseman of his day.

THE MOBILE RACES.

Concerning the preparations making by the Magnolia Jockey Club Association of Mobile, Ala., for their annual Spring meeting, which takes place during the latter portion of the present month, a correspondent, "C. De F.," sends us the subjoined communication, under date of Feb. 23d, from the tenor of which a brilliant equine congress is anticipated. He says: "I yesterday paid a visit to the Magnolia Course, and found the work of improvement rapidly going forward. The evils of civil war, as displayed in the destruction of all the stands and buildings formerly connected with the track, are being remedied as speedily as possible. A grand stand, capable of accommodating over three thousand persons is now completed, as likewise one included for the use of "de cullud population." A large hotel is in course of erection, under the auspices of the Association, 65 feet front by 62 feet deep, besides wings, and will be fitted up with ladies' parlors, club and billiard rooms, bar and verandah. It is located at the terminus of the "Shell road," one of the most beautiful drives in the South, and cannot fail to prove a source of profit to the Association. It will be under the management of Messrs. McLean and Tripp. There is stable room for fifty horses, and about twenty-five are already here, as follows:—Alexander's stable—Lancaster, Merrill, Bayswater, Alhambra and Canada; Capt. Cottrill's—Cherry Armstrong, Jenny C., and three others; T. G. Moore's—Beacon, Stonewall Jackson, Privateer, Blue Flag, and Fannie Cheatham; Maj. Beacon's—Sleety, and four yearlings; Capt. Williamson's—Sarah Kay, Louis F. Smith, General Rosseau, Harry of the West, and a two year old filly by Goodwood. As Capt. Williamson has backed Harry against the world to the tune of $10,000 and upwards, perhaps a pedigree of the animal and his doings will prove of interest. Harry of the West was foaled in 1862, by Laura, from imported Leviathan, and was bred by Gen. W. W. Woolfolk, at Nashville, Tenn., and passed from him to a colored man by the name of Hale, from whom Capt. Williamson purchased him, it is said, for ten thousand dollars, since which time he has won thirteen races, and walked for three. His best time at various distances was as follows:—St. Louis, Mo., 2 mile heats, 3:41; 3 mile heats, 5:33; at Louisville, Ky., 2 mile dash, 3:40¼; 4 mile dash, 7:47½; Cincinnati, 4 mile dash, 7:45½; New Orleans, 3 mile dash, 5:39¾. At N. O. the track was heavy during the entire season.

THE LACLEDE ASSOCIATION.—This St. Louis organization purpose commencing their second season on May 20th, preparations for which are now being made. Liberal prizes will be offered, and as the track is one of the prettiest in the West, the stables roomy, clean and well ventilated, and the stands constructed with a proper regard for the comfort and convenience of visitors, it is reasonable to hope that the claims of the association upon the public of St. Louis will be fully recognized, and the spring meeting be thereby rendered both brilliant and profitable.

TROTTING IN CALIFORNIA.—An interesting trot, for one thousand dollars in dust, mile and repeat, took place on the Ocean House Course, San Francisco, Cal., on Feb. 5th, between D. Dennison's s. h., Emigrant, and J. L. Eoff's ch. m., Katy Tricks. The mare was the favorite at odds of two to one. Three heats were trotted, Emigrant winning the first and third, and the second being decided a dead heat.
Time, 5:45; 5:32½; 5:35.

THE COMING MARE.—Lady Chapman, the fast nag, which has attained so much notoriety recently "way down in Maine," and bids fair to rival the "Queen of the Trotting Turf," is the property of D. H. Bisbee, of Camden, Me. She recently trotted, on a pond, a mile in 2:22, to harness. Lady Chapman is a small horse, and is not valuable on account of her looks. She is eight years old, and was purchased by her present owner about one year since for a small sum, it not being supposed at that time that she would make a fast horse. She has received but very little training, and considering this, with the time she has already made, it is fair to suppose that Dexter will have to look to his laurels. It has been reported that a match had been made between this horse and O. M. Shaw's McLellan, of Bangor, for $1,000 a side, but we hear this is not so. Mr. Bisbee has been very anxious to bring about a match with Mr. Shaw, but has not succeeded up to the present time.

PRESENTATION.—Geo. H. Flanly, second base man of the Excelsiors, was the lucky recipient of a beautiful gold medal at the last meeting of this club. The testimonial is valued at $90, and was donated by the Knickerbocker Club to that member of the Excelsiors making the best average score last season.

CHICKEN WARFARE IN RHODE ISLAND.—A goodly number of the patrons of this ancient sport assembled at Schoonmaker's Hotel, Providence, R. I., to witness a match between George Lincoln of that city, and James Brown of Warwick. The match as originally made was a main of nine pair stags, $20 on each single fight, and $100 the odd, but at the meeting the articles were altered so that only seven pair were weighed in. The Providence party came off victorious, winning the odd battle after the most desperately contested fight ever witnessed in that vicinity.

THE PIT IN ROCHESTER.—A main of nine cocks was fought in Rochester, N. Y., on the 11th inst., between birds representing that city and Buffalo, the latter being shown by Bob Fitzgerald, a noted sport and proprietor of a pit in that city. The fighting was spirited throughout, but the declaration of a draw left the question of superiority between the rival roosters still a mooted one.

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Respectfully,
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WANTED IMMEDIATELY,--A GOOD ADVERTISER for McGinley, Carroll & Wood's Great World Circus, which is now organizing at Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin. The names of the Artists are as follows:—M'lle Marie, Madame Carroll, Madame Tinkham, W. B. Carroll, B. R. McGinley, Joseph Tinkham, Holland Family, Wm. A. Johnson, C. L. Fowler, Master Willie, La Petite May, Frank Kellogg. The Company will start out on or about the 1st of May. Address McGINLEY, CARROLL & WOOD, Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin. 50-1t*

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DON JUAN IN AMERICA.

Written Expressly for the N. Y. Clipper.

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CANTO IV.

LV.

And *still she* blushed and said, "my dear, you shouldn't
Behave so rudely in my presence;" he
But laughed and said, "indeed, my dear, I wouldn't
But that your presence maketh me be
Forgetful of my duties; nay, I couldn't
Prevent that kissing—naughty liberty—
Because you smiled, and your one smile would make
A saint or Spaniard perish for your sake."

LVI.

And then she turned her pretty head and tried
To play the honest indignation; but
Her eyes her face's falser looks belied,
And spite of all her bold attempts to shut
Her feelings off, they conquered; very wide—
More wide in fact than Butler's big Dutch gut—
Is that which separates amongst all nations
Their moral teachings from their inclinations.

LVII.

I would that I could here record as fact
That Mistress Page now forced the Don to leave,
But while I keep my truthfulness intact
I could not—'twere an effort to deceive.
The kissing, in itself a simple act,
Had caused the lady's ample breast to heave
With more excitement than her own liege lord
Had raised since they first went to "bed and board."

LVIII.

Then Juan clasped the lady's supple waist
And hugged her till her breath came thick and warm,
And then—"you naughty, naughty man"—he placed
His hand upon her bosom; no alarm
She took as yet; she even boldly faced
The situation, but it had its charm,
And she whose virtue had so long endured
Could not sin now—of that she felt assured.

LIX.

Unluckily just then she thought of him,
Her husband, and how lax he was in duty;
And he was old—his eyes were growing dim,
He could not half appreciate her beauty.
And he was fat (Don Juan's form was slim),
And business took his time, in short a brute he
Appeared to her, while Juan in her eyes
Was—what he was she best expressed by sighs.

LX.

And then Don Juan drew her on his knee;
Her azure eyes were filled as with a mist,
And tho with her dress buttons he made free,
She really hadn't strength left to resist.
Not even when he took the liberty
T' expose her panting bosom, which he kiss'd
Until her lover's earnest ardor made
Her much delighted tho' somewhat afraid.

LXI.

O she was beautiful; I've writ before
Concerning half a dozen pretty ladies,
Besides I have material for more,
Some native and some foreign—one from Cadiz.
But all the past and all the dears in store
Must yield to Madame Page, for she a shade is
More sweet and fair than Venus or Madonna,
E'en Juan wished that she had been his Donna.

LXII.

Somehow her dress became entangled so
That she displayed a limb, the best by far
(Cased in a silken stocking, white as snow,
And dainty shoe,) that ever wore a garter; there the word I've split simply to show
My hesitation at its use: to mar
The beauty of a moral poem by strong
Or doubtful words, O reader dear, is wrong.

LXIII.

But never thinking of the wrong or right of it
My hero gazed upon the beauteous vision,
And all his amorous passions at the sight of it
Received new fire; he thought of Fields Elysian
(Not those at Hoboken). She made a fight of it
But found it hard to baulk her heart's decision.
"A little still she strove and much repented,
And whispering I'll ne'er consent—consented."

LXIV.

In feats of love, in fact, there is no bound;
No limit to the gentle exercise
Which fits alike the air or sea or ground,
And seems so foolish when it is most wise.
Imagination's flights yet never found
Such pranks as nightly cause the modest skies
To blush at truth beneath each starry rafter—
No doubt but love was made for angels' laughter.

LXV.

'Tis said that walls have ears; it must be true,
How otherwise should this, the Don's last caper,
Have reached the church folk. That it did all you
Must surely know who read the Sunday paper,
And how they turned him out and put him thro—
Held councils and convicted him of rape, or
Some other crime—is it not all recorded
In the *Sabbath Flunky*, where 'twas much applauded.

LXVI.

But 'gainst his lady-love no word was spoken;—
That is directly;—spicy things were said
Concerning some fair lady who had broken
The—what commandment touches those who're wed?
But she displayed great coolness—gave no token
Of guilty knowledge, and held up her head,
And (this was cruel but she did it neatly)
She "cut" my humble friend the Don completely.

LXVII.

For love, the best of counter irration
Is found to be a launch in public life—
To fix the eye on some official station
Instead of an unyielding maid or wife,
And so secure some solid compensation
For wear and tear of body in the strife,
In shape of large supplies of public money
(Of all the hive of politics the honey).

LXVIII.

And so Don Juan shook the dust from off
His feet and crossed the Fulton Ferry.
His varying conscience had grown quite as tough
Again as in the days when life was merry,
And he had fully made resolve to rough
And tumble it for fame, and bold plans—very—
He laid to win his way amongst the populace,
So came he back to our great, wild metropolis.

LXIX.

'Twas Jefferson who said all cities are
But sores upon the body politic.
It must be owned, if this opinion's fair,
America is getting very sick
With something like the small pox, to compare;
Since cities now are growing up so thick:
The villages, which all our valleys dimple,
The metaphor must hold for scratch and pimple.

LXX.

But this comparison is not so true
To truth or fancy or imagination
As that of mine, which takes a pleasant view
Of towns and cities all throughout the nation,
And calls them flowers (within life's garden, too!)
And gives to each some pretty appellation.
My Rose is Albany, it smells mysterious,
While Boston is my grand Night, blooming serious.

LXXI.

But I am off the track and here must pause.
The thrilling records of Mozart and Tammany,
How Juan won his friends'—the town's—applause,
And how he fought and how he had to lamb* many,
And how he raised the riots, broke the laws,
And did enough of wicked deeds to damn many—
Seduced a lady by the name of Smith,
And went to jail—all that's in Canto Fifth.

END OF CANTO IV.

*"*Lamb many.*" This phrase originated with the butchers of New York, who formerly welted one another over the head with a leg of lamb.

PRAISES OF WHISKEY.—A writer in one of our Hibernian exchanges, thus describes whiskey making, which he calls "the poethry of manufacture and the joy of the world." His fervid descriptive powers would almost make John B. Gough get drunk out of spite:—

"First, you see, there's the steepin' of the grain in a nice sweet boghole, and thin there's the drying of it to make it into malt; and thin there's the mashin' of it in hot water, a symbol of its futur' fate in the scramin' hot punch; and thin there's the mixin' of the wort; and thin there's the pouring the wash into the *pot—potikin—poteen;* and thin there's the screwin' on the lid with the beautiful crooked neck to it, like the swans in the Phœnix Park, only that they're not a farthing candle to it; and thin there's the worrum with ever so many miles of twists and turns in it, coils and raytikkle-ations and circumbendibuses, all cooped up in a nate tub; and thin there's lightin' of the fire under it; I don't think Polyphaymus or Promaytheus ivver lit or stole a fire with half the excitement it causes. Och, and thin, Larry, after the *poteen* boils, and the stame rises, to see it come dribblin' out, drop, drop, drop, liquid goold, out of the dirty matayrial barley, sure 'tis a transmagnification that bates all the metamurphosys of Ovid, as far as Blarney bangs Banagher. Och, Larry," says he—and he hugged me to his heart as he said it—"Och, Larry, to taste the first glass of that *aqua vitæ*, that well-be-named *water of life*, naythen could nor hot, but with the breath of the fire on it still, it's like a whiff of heaven, or a foretaste of the nectar of Paradise!"

FOOLS.—The King of Persia once ordered his vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the head of them. The King asked him why, to which he immediately answered: "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know, to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back." "Aye, but suppose they come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

THE RING.

GEORGE ROOKE'S NIGHT.

WHO SPARRED FOR HIM, AND HOW THEY MADE IT.

EXCITING BOUT BETWEEN ROOKE AND RILEY.

Notwithstanding a very unpleasant night, and the beneficiary having little or no time to go around with tickets, George Rooke had a good house at Lincoln Hall (if those two words, house and hall, are proper to use), on the 13th of the month—equal to what we expected to see, and one which will satisfy those who came all the way from Providence to see it, about a dozen all told, that there is a large circle of sports who think pretty well of the young fellow who has to slather, or be slathered by, the Cast Iron Man next month. The weather couldn't be helped, whether or no, and if these so-called "Scotch mists" were confined to Glasgow and its surroundings, a good many people here would like it better. It was just such a night as the morning young Bill Tovee (he was young forty-five years ago) fought the herculean Ike Blake in London, for satisfaction, when young Bill was seconded by Sam Jennings and Bill Crawley, and Ike by Jack January and a friend, and called this episode to memory as the old gentleman stood talking the same afternoon, "the obliged of all observers." Even the bookfolders cast longing side glances at the Boxing Glove Man, as with carpet-sack in hand circulating bills; or bag on shoulder, with Glover's patent chamois covered curled hair dumplings therein, he plods his way through the busy marts of trade. He is a great Tovee, and if he ever should die—we hope he won't—the boys will never get another one to match. Tovee was specially interested in Rooke's benefit, having had "full charge," and the manner in which he performed his task George knows better than we do.

The early part of the evening, about 8 o'clock, say, things looked quisby; but, as time rolled on apace and the old familiar faces came dropping in Paul-Pry-like, Rooke and Phalen's mugs gradually brightened up, and between 8½ and 9 P. M. Morris and George's brother in-law—who has the letting of the hall—had their hands full dealing out "cards" and taking in "paper." The "Staleybridge" showed very early, but there were no signs of "O'Baldwin," and unless he can bring a medical certificate, "suppers for four" will be the consequence; nothing short of Dr. Kiersted's signature will save his bacon—or, we should say, saddle rocks. Tom the Boatman likewise came early, minus his sage bush, and with nothing but a moustache. Izzy didn't get in quite so soon, but he was "there"—at least so Tom Riley thought, when he had to make "room for one more," as if the Boniface of 223 Centre street had been some fragile, delicate young miss, where his gallantry "missed" certain. The Lazarus Light Infantry were the "young fellow's" escort—George Clarke on one side (he can't be shorter than Ned O'Baldwin) and John Henshaw on the other (John's big enough to belong to the Light Guards), Captain Walter acting as Drum Major, only he hadn't his drum with him. John Lawrence, from Hurlgate, author of the proverb, "No eels on dry land," the same uncle John as of old, who thinks no more of the fashions than if there were none, and sticks to his side-boards and glazed caps as close as wax—he was among the party, too. So was Glover, the genial man of gloves; Kirk, the high-toned backer of aquatic celebrities; Joe Coburn, him of the lightning arm and unconquerable prowess, who has never lowered his colors to any man, or been made to cry "Hold! enough;" and last, though by no means least, William Bradley, the tall son of York, with an eye like a hawk, straight as an arrow, and not unlike the great Indian chief, Hole-in-the-Wall.

The arrangements made by Rooke in having the old stage enlarged, with ropes and stakes placed round, were decided improvements. He also had the seats placed in apple pie order, and, as a general thing, the people seemed to know the purpose for which they were placed there, to sit and not stand upon. Some, however, have a few more lessons to receive to teach them that it isn't exactly "according to Hoyle" to stand up directly in front of those seated because they failed to get there till everybody else was located. Many there are who have great cause for thanking the Boatman for his efforts to keep the peace by breaking other people's silk umbrellas over hard limbed obtrusive shins and strange cabases when too large or in the way. Having been across to Malcolm's several times for that which caused the milling by gas light, the old gent not to go home till morning, and two or three more not till two days afterwards, Bowen was just full of it; to those who like it there's as much fun in the by-play and outside remarks of the Umpire of the Adams and American Express Co's B. B. C. as in any theatre or hall where people get paid for it. The Boatman's geniality is contagious; his is natural, not put on, and of so pungent a character that he hits pretty hard sometimes when in the vein. Tovee don't believe in it; everybody can see that, but he takes it in good part and once gave Tom such a cutting word cross counter that he "bowed his head" like David of old. We suppose you all know what David did. If not, search the Scriptures oftener. The other old man, Jim Coburn, he enjoyed it, but we fancy he'll not be so comical when he gets Tovee in front of him at Fox's benefit—mark what we are telling you. Now, suppose we go on and tell about the show—"All right, says you—all right, says we."

The send-off was between a couple of off-shoots from Kilkelly, Killhooley, Killmany or some other place—they were the undertaker's chick and a kid named Clarke, both of whom put up like old men, and are so to all intents and purposes. Quinn was not bad on the lead, and pasted Clarkey several times on the "snoot" without the red shirt getting in a blow, but in a rally Clarke made up for lost time; they caused some little fun to many old enough to be their fathers. While talking of kids, we would say that at these kind of shows little snoozers scarcely big enough to be let out after dark are put on a par with men, and it is about time something was done to keep these urchins out; it makes others look cheap to have to sit alongside and put up with their squalling and squeaking. Let this be remedied for gracious sake.

Billy McMullen and Billy Kelly were rather tame at first, hitting open handed, and ducking and dodging about, but, as the set-to progressed, Mac got stirred up, and for a little while landed so fast and straight on Billy's boko that, although keeping up a sort of laugh, it was evident he would rather have exchanged places and been the giver instead of receiver. He kept his face unflinchingly to the music, and would get in occasionally—once a little heavier than usual, which caused Mac's brow to contract, and the manner of his *lex talionis* looked as if he meant to hurt somebody. This made their second meeting worth while, and we have seldom seen Mullen go in hotter than he did this time. This McMullen is one of the cleverest young fellows up town, equally as good without the gloves as with them, and when once started never knows when he is licked. He's not the party to commence trouble or to rough it in a spar, but only requires a starter to be with his man every time. Kelly is as game as they make 'em, only hasn't vim enough for Mullen.

Naylor and Keeler then showed, the former fresh from Whitechapel, Liverpool, the latter a layer of brick, and one of the Avenue b'hoys. Naylor's *pose* partook something of Prof. Judd's style, and although they indulged in any quantity of air sawing, it was some time before they got to work. When they did, Naylor tried to nail Bricks up against the wall (as Jem Colbert used to say), being on the rush. This didn't bother Keeler, his only ambition being to get in a stray upper cut or leave a hod-full on the Liverpudlian's ribs. His upper-cutting, however, failed nearly every time, or Naylor's body must have come in for some very warm visits, but before they finished some hard thumps were exchanged on both sides of the house. Each kept his temper well, so that it appeared as amusing to them as it was to the lookers on.

Harry Hill next gave his Indian Club exercise with clubs of light and heavy calibre. Though somewhat out of practice, Harry gave general satisfaction and met with proper encouragement. When the 35's were being toted away, the Boatman gave his Indian club act, upsetting two rows of front benches, and causing a general stampede as he threw one around loose, and let it circulate promiscuously amongst those in his immediate vicinity. It beat the Sergeant's club for clearing a crowd "all hollow," and when he next attempts the act, we want to be near the door or across the street.

Teddy McAuliffe and Bill Bennett were willing to give satisfaction, and made some good attempts, but somehow they hit each other less than any of the others—their various offers were as variously stopped, and when they got to quarters, both were guarded so closely that it was next to impossible to find a place to land on either side. The stage didn't seem to suit their style, and had they boxed on the ground floor it would have been better worth looking at.

Two friends, an Irish sailor and a London Jew, then had an exciting, though none the less good natured turn, the "Sheen," a good looking fellow—said to be some relation to the late Dan Mendoza—showing some fine points at stealing marches on "the man wid a face like a ghoat," and after shaking his glove landing plum on the large bugle of the gintleman from Erin time and time again, either stopping him or getting out of the way most every time. Irish was jolly and frisky, as one could tell by the way he carried on, but if he had been able to go into Sheen without fear of getting more than he bargained for there isn't the slightest doubt he'd have tried it. He made some wild attempts at upper-cutting his curly haired friend, which were wasted on the desert air. The "Sheen" proved himself of good stock, and much curiosity was manifested to learn his name. "Irish" came in for a rare jacketing from the lips of the Boatman, who called him pet names, and was extremely anxious for "Sheen" to get home on the left side of his horn. Their "jamboree" was the cause of no end of fun for the boys.

Pete McGinnis, an ambitious young rounder with a phiz not unlike that of Yankee Sullivan, came on immediately afterwards, in company with that clever exponent of science, Young Edwards. There was a fine display, mostly at close quarters, where Billy's straight shots showed to the best advantage, and only for McGinnis' ability to be up to him all the time, Edward's superior science would have told tales. At all points the light-haired fellow was up, once or twice getting the hug on his man, so as completely to have him at his mercy. McGinnis is a tough sort of Irish-American, and has every appearance of a bruiser.

Jim Fox and Billy McMullen; an even match as to size and weight, the one dark, the other of light complexion, were expected to try one another's metal, particularly as Mac went off feeling in for it after his twister with Kelly. It wasn't to be, however, and despite the requests from the outsiders to go in, warm each other, to have one good round, etc., their gait was unalterable, Fox reserving himself for his own benefit at the same hall on the 20th. Billy got home oftenest, and might have liked to rough it had Jim been of the same inclination. We noticed that Jimmy kept getting away when the Mullen seemed inclined to follow up a lead. In this way a light, active and very pretty show was made between them, with no particular advantage to either.

Mike Coburn and Jim Frawley succeeded, but to look at the two men one would almost expect Frawley to crush the life out of his light-waisted opponent. The contrast was very noticeable, Jim being half as broad again across the shoulders as Mickey, and apparently with almost twice his weight, but Coburn, who has never been known to take water from anybody, anxious to try him, made out surprisingly well. He had just enough "steel" in him to make a rambunctious set-to, didn't care a "baubee" for the odds, and the way he avoided some of Jim's onslaughts showed him to be a perfect little general. One time Frawley came near falling outside the ropes and another time landed clear on his forehead, but you might almost as well try to hurt a pine knot as to make any impression on the Stiff Un's nut. They made a dashing set-to and got the applause.

George Rooke, tall, raw-boned and slender, and the sturdy-built Butt Riley appeared for the final finish, and a mighty hot affair they made of it. Rooke towering over Riley made little or no difference to this rough and ready exponent of the art, and from the moment they shook hands Butt went for George as vicious as if it was the Cast Iron man instead of himself was facing Rooke. Like it or not he was nearly always the first to plant his left bang on to Rooke's dial, and but one blow a-piece was exchanged before they jumped in, hitting and boring each other like a couple of game cocks. Butt made out wonderfully, considering the odds he had to contend against, and with more room in which to box it would have been even more exciting. As it was, when they were driven to the wall the audience shouted for them to spar and not clinch, although but a short time previous they were equally demonstrative the other way and were wild for some wrestling. It is no easy task for anybody, big or little, to stall Butt off, and the lively brush he gave Master Rooke may be the means of sending Cast Iron stock up considerably. He tried some foxy moves to catch Riley napping, but it couldn't be did—Butt was with him every shot and proved as good a man as any for the job he took in hand. We haven't seen Riley do as well in a month of Sundays. Rooke's condition was superb, and rough as they made it he didn't sweat a hair. Thus terminated another great night of boxing.

YOUNG EDWARDS' EXHIBITION.

ANOTHER BIG TURN-OUT AND MORE EXCITING BUFFING MATCHES.

"Once a Week" is the title of a popular serial, and once a week we are called upon to record the proceedings of some gathering or other of the clans, or have been for the past four or five weeks, and likely will be for as many more to come, by the way the boys are taking advantage of the popularity with which sparring matches have been received in the upper districts. Since the days of Kerrigan's, in White street; Sportsman's Hall, in Madison street; Hoym's Theatre, in the Bowery; the Stuyvesant, Major's Assembly Rooms, Hope Chapel, and other places, which now know boxing no more, the sports have had to content themselves by either taking Lincoln Hall, or leaving it alone and standing the chance of never getting a benefit. It seems to make little difference, however, where the crowd has to go, for we find as good audiences away up in Eighth avenue and Thirty-third street, as we used to away down. This is not so much of a secret after all, for the up-town party always did patronize sparring better than any other class of men, especially those living in the 20th and 22d wards. One has only to look over the names of those who do nearly all the sparring, to be satisfied that the men from these wards not only keep them alive by their money and presence, but make most of the sport themselves. Where would the sparring come from, we should like to know, if it wasn't for Teddy McAuliffe, Mike Coburn, Johnny Grady, Bennett, Kelly, McMullen, Carman, Edwards, Fox, and a few more—all up-towners—and, barring the two last named, all old residents in the Big Judge's stamping ground. "Facts is facts," as Mrs. Gadgrind says, and we want our readers to understand who's who and what's what. We could call over the names of a dozen or more first-class boxers who have graduated from the 22d ward alone, some of whom, we regret to say, have been led away, and are now suffering for their folly. There are enough good men left, however, to make a big show against the combined forces of all the other wards. Yet this fact ought to be known, and now it will be.

Billy Edwards having always been willing to assist any and all up for raising the sinews of war, although not long enough in the country to get out his first papers, has, in consequence of his obliging disposition, and knowing how to conduct himself, won many good friends, and, being a sensible fellow, he is likely to retain them. He had proof of this on Wednesday evening, March 6, for, barring Tuohey's, he had as nice a house as any who have preceded him, the bulk of the money coming in at the door, the right place for it, saving him much running and dunning after it was over. It was not only a full house, but an exceedingly good natured one, there being no end of jokes swapped off all round. Tom the Boatman gave and took some dry and humorous "sketches;" so did Billy Donohoe, (Wilhelm of the Hills), but if we printed all that was said, the Great Mogul of the "Exercise Law," as Joe King calls it, would close one of the party up like an oyster, so we shan't do it. The Four-Times Married came in for many a sly dig, the spokesmen getting cues from the O'Riley and McGillen, *participis criminis* in "boxing by gas-light," as illustrated with cuts and in oil (red) by the O'Baldwin and Staleybridge of America. Noc Yelof, lineal descendant from O'Neal the Great, was in the best of spirits, and got off some mighty good things. The other celebrities we failed to get our orbs upon, or, at least, but few of them. M. Geary was there, so was Shaunessy, as well as Uncle John O'Hara, and Johnny Monaghan, likewise Mike Henry, (Collyer's attorney and counsellor), Billy Dwyer, of Brooklyn, who was very near fighting with Jim Dunn, and some more. The fact of Collyer having given his word to wind up attracted a large delegation from the City of Churches, and had a great deal to do with making the attendance what it was: there's no rubbing that out.

The proceedings were opened by the "Honorable and Reverend" toting out the old-fashioned little Daddy Quinn and another b'y, who made some fun for those who hadn't seen them previous, but being rather of uneven stature, nothing new developed itself in the "image of his father," who might make a pretty good show if one of his gigantic proportions were put in front of him.

Jim Fox and Billy Kelly—when they came on everybody expected to see hot work, but they didn't. It was of the social order, sociable—a stand off, give and take of a light order—fancy set-to, in which Fox failed to get up the sensation he usually does. As they made it, it looked like an even thing, but it was nothing like as good as some of the sets-to we've seen Fox in. One or the other might not have felt like roughing it at that particular time, and while the majority would prefer to see them "hit other" and hit hard so as to get up a sensation, to those fond of display it was not a bad thing to look at. Many would have liked and are extremely anxious to see Mike Coburn and Kelly spar, and who knows but that they may oblige at Rooke's benefit—we shall see, so we shall.

Teddy McAuliffe and Mike Coburn again came together, as they did at Tuohey's benefit, Teddy evidently not exactly satisfied with their last meeting, and desirous of getting square. To this end he went after Mike in a dashing, off-hand style, trying to corner and then give it to him slam bang, but somehow or other Coburn made out to plant several times at intervals and get clear away before Teddy could be with him. His cleverness on his pins and lothness to get to in-fighting was what didn't suit Teddy, for let him once get started, when it comes to close quarters he can use himself about as well as any of the young fellows. Once and again, when Coburn led, Mac would cop him, but generally he was just too late owing to the leariness of the man of family. It was rather annoying to the good natured little Teddy to be baulked and not to be allowed a bit of fun at in-fighting, but he followed his man up good, and only for Mickey's retreating strategy would have rushed him pretty lively. As in their previous box, Teddy exhibited a tinge of the ruby during the progress of the bout. Taken all through, it was, perhaps, the best and certainly the most scientific of the evening.

Con Foley and Young Dwyer, of Brooklyn, the two biggest men of the party, followed the light weights, and as Con only does this sort of thing for sport and to oblige the audience, being an up-town one, gave him a volley as he was announced by the Veteran, which he bore meekly. Some expressed surprise at the "gall" of John in facing the stalwart built Cornelius, whom none of the biggest of them ever made two out of yet, but Johnny is accommodating as well as ambitious, which is all right, but we would much rather have him or somebody else in front of those dangerous paws of his than the Q. C. Con is "a thundering hitter," and poor Johnny got four such sockdologers on the mark, mouth, ear and ribs, that he got fretful and said "that wasn't sparring." Well, we don't think it could have been so designated either—it was thumping, and if Johnny wasn't prepared for it Con couldn't help that. Maybe the uprising in down trodden Erin had something to do with Foley being in such fine spirits—there was something certain, and if Coburn, Dunn, or any of the "cracks" had been opposed to him that night, unless able to stop it, they'd have got what Dwyer did, or what Paddy give the dhrum, a whacking. Johnny is a clever young fellow, but isn't heavy enough quite for Foley yet awhile. We only wish any of the other big men had been there in Johnny's place—then it would have been sultry, with the green above the red every time. Hurrah for the Tips! Success to the Sunburst any how!

Johnny Grady and Pete McGinniss, a new comer, peeled next, the Connaught Lad with a necklace on. Pete was considerable taller than Johnny and withal slightly inclined to be impetuous—a rusher in fact. Fortunately for him he knew how to use his mauleys pretty good or the 42d street representative would have stopped some of his rushes with some straight hard-handed slogging, but as it was he made out first rate, barring being a trifle too hasty. It was a give and take, dreadnought kind of affair and we shall probably hear of McGinniss again, if that was his name anyway.

Harry Herring, always welcome, repeated his two comic rhymes to as great enthusiasm as ever, with two or three additional stanzas on the "Beat Your Neighbor" question, original and apropos, although slightly personal to some in the house if they could but see it. We should like to hear our friend of the Falstaff sing a few of his other "selections from opera," as sparring audiences partake very much of a sameness and like variety. This suggestion is made in the kindliest spirit, that of Glen Levit the spirit of Old Tom Malcolm, which has more to answer for than we dare tell.

Fred Williams, an old stand-by at the Stuyvesant, "semper paratus" followed in sentimental songs of dear Ould Ireland, for which there is such great sympathy at the present time. Of course Fred struck the right chord of the popular heart, Hibernia being always the most numerously represented country on such occasions.

Prof. Judd, the much talked of, and Mike Costello, from Fulton Market, were paired off, Barney Aaron not being able to attend, and much's the pity. Judd is the eccentric who "figured" at Mike Coburn's benefit, if we remember rightly, and made so much fun by his style and capers, but he had no one worth speaking of to box that night. When Costello put up for him the audience had a right to expect that Mike would stop his Balaklava-like charges by some steady, straight hitting, but, candidly, we don't remember seeing Costello to worse advantage than with this genius. It may be that a man has to try him once before getting the hang of his extraordinary tactics, and, if so, the student and the professor will have to try it again sometime. Judd is one of the biggest built little men we ever saw—he is one string of muscles 'almost as large as cocoanuts and as hard as some kinds of wood—in fact, he may be said to be one mass of lumps, with breasts on him which many a woman might envy; big enough for a wet nurse. The Mammarial Balm advertiser isn't a circumstance to this Judd, and it is a treat to see his muscular developments. If Madame Jumel could get the Professor's "teets" (that's proper, but it doesn't sound very genteel) photographed as a sample it would be an immense advertisement, whether he used the balm or not to develop them. With all this muscle Judd can't very well help being strong, and with the practice he has daily at the gymnasium where he instructs, he ought to be an artist, but as yet we have failed to discover the fact. His "posish"—oh! no!—get back!—circus clowns don't come within a mile of it. Beyond making no end of fun that has little to do with his boxing, though, for he goes in like a bull at a gate, being on the rush and for in-fighting all the time—he made some of the greatest charges made since Foulk and his sids clubbed poor Cockey Woods and others on the race track, and whether it was confusion or what that bothered Mick's usually clear noddle is not known—he let every chance slip by, and if it hadn't been for the falls he got out of him (four in number) we should barely have recognized the Stude. He couldn't seem to get the hang of the gymnast's style of doing things at all, and although six or seven rounds were had, and one or two wind-ups, Judd craved for more, and if Mike hadn't left first he might have been at it till now. The meeting was by no means satisfactory, and when next they put up things may have a different aspect. It will never do to give it up so.

Tovee's occupation being at an end for that night, he carefully uncovered and delivered the usual oration, and then named the gladiators about to give the wind-up. The Little Wonder, Sam Collyer, true to his word, was there, with his unfighting-like phiz, faced by Billy Edwards, the *beneficiaire*. The fact that they had met before in that same hall at Sam's benefit before his fight with McGlade, and the way they made it then, made it a treat worth while waiting for. This time, instead of jumping in from the start, they sparred for a chance to put in their digits, and while Collyer made little or no attempt at stopping, when they got near enough there was some extraordinary fast work on both sides, Sam's peculiar left-handed chopping blows finding out Edward's cabase this time, while with his right, which he uses remarkably well and quick, he got home in good style. Edwards was not so eager to lead off as before, and Collyer generally had to do this himself; Billy, however, was generally handy when wanted, but instead of overreaching himself as one would suppose, he was ready in an instant to renew hostilities when Collyer tried to take advantage. At in-fighting, Sam proved himself a rattler, quick as a flash and on the go all the time, while he astonished all by his wonderful activity on his pins. Having plenty of room to spar in, it was a very different affair from the last one. Edwards did well, as he always does, but if Sam keeps on improving as he has done, very few of his size will be able to keep time with him—with gloves on. Everybody was pleased at the splendid display they made, and everybody went away more than satisfied.

FIGHT FOR A $100 PURSE

BETWEEN

TOM McALPIN, *alias* "SOAP," AND JACK LYNCH, THE "MULLINGER BOY."

"SOAP" GATHERS IN THE SHEKELS

In 8h., 15min.

A sort of impromptu mill between the above named, brought about by the California buffers having fight on the brain since Wm. Harris landed there, came off at Pleasant Ranch, Cal., on Monday, Feb. 11, and resulted in "Soap" coming out right side up. The original programme was for McAlpin to fight an individual going out there by the name of Bill Poole, which was certainly a misnomer, as the little man with a big name "weakened," and never showed on the ground at all, as the sequel will show. A brief biography of those who did fight will not be out of place in this connection.

Thomas McAlpin is a native of Dublin, Ireland, about 21 years old, 5 feet 10 inches in height, and was about 155 pounds. He has had three fights. The first was in Virginia City, Nev., about four years ago, with Barney Harris, which he won in about fifteen minutes; the second near Idaho, I. T., for $60, with George Burns, nine rounds in thirty-three minutes, Aug. 21, 1865, Soap winner; the third near San Francisco, with Johnny Devine, *alias* the Chicken, 105r., 105 min., June 20, 1866, when Soap won again. Jack Lynch, *alias* Mullingar Boy, is a blacksmith, about 25 years old, 5 feet 9 inches in height, and 190 pounds avoirdupois. He has never been in the prize ring. He has been at work on a ranch in Yolo county for some time past. McAlpin was formerly a newsboy in Frisco, and has traveled on his muscle considerably since.

The steamer San Joaquin was engaged for the "picnic" excursion, and although the sun on the evening of Feb. 10th "went down with a battle-stained eye," on the morning of the 11th it rose bright and early. Tickets for the occasion had been struck off and disposed of to the number of about 200, and the steamboat left her wharf at Sacramento at about 10 o'clock, A. M., leaving on the levee a crowd of about five hundred men and a few boys. More than a thousand had been down to see the preparations for her departure. On board there was no Poole though. A week ago he had weakened and concluded to admit that Soap was too much for him, and left for parts unknown. But it was kept a profound secret from the outside world, and Jack Lynch, (not the Springfield Mountain boxer and carsman), was engaged to take his place, to which he appeared quite agreeable.

After a fine sail with the snow of the Sierras in full view, at half past eleven Freeport was passed, and swinging round the circle the "picknickers" landed on the west side of the river. The ring was formed in the southwest corner of the beautiful grove. When the ropes were ready it was announced that a purse of $100 must be raised before the fight could go on. The hat was passed and $70 was found in it. It was then proposed to repeat, and half dollars were pitched into the ring from all sides, till the "century" was made up.

Patsey Foy and Jimmy Finnegan were appointed seconds for McAlpin; A. Gilbert, bottle-holder; George Taylor and Sut Bromley for Lynch, with Tom Peeler bottle-holder. Foy won the toss for Soap, and took the southwest corner, leaving Lynch Hobson's choice, the northeast corner, face to the sun. At ten minutes to one Soap shyed his plug into the ring, followed by his bottle-holder. Then came the Mullingar Boy, followed by Blinkey. Down went each man in his corner on the knee of his backer, and gaiter boots were put on them. Each wiped his mouth with a sponge soaked in brandy. Soap's colors were "green above the red," Lynch's white. Soap offered $20 to $15 on first blood, and $20 that he won the fight, but there were no takers. Jack looked strong but soft; Soap, hard and wiry. At 1 o'clock precisely, time was called for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both came to the scratch looking well. Soap led off, catching Lynch on the nose with his left, and with his right under the left ogle and brought a little claret; then with his right gave him a sockdologer on the ribs, just above the left kidney. They then clinched, and the Mullingar Boy went down. First blood and first fall claimed for Soap, but the claret could hardly be seen, and the blacksmith's second denied the blood.

2. Both advanced to the centre, fresh. After a few lively passes Lynch got his right on Soap's smeller with a good one that staggered him considerably. Both clinched and fell, Lynch under.

3. Soap led off with a right hander under Lynch's left listener. Lynch, going it wild, right and left, gets in one on Soap's mug, which sent him reeling into the northwest corner, and raised a shout from Lynch's friends. Another clinch, the blacksmith under, in a terrible fall, with Soap's elbow hard into his bowels. This was a very vigorous but short round.

4. Lynch showed a purple and red sconce, but went in fiercely, and with a clinch and sudden fall, they came down, with the Mullingar Boy under.

5. After feeling for each other, and a few feints, Lynch let out his left and gave a glancing lick on Soap's nob, who rallied in return with a tremendous one on the blacksmith's potato trap, when they clinched again; Lynch under.

6. This was a well contested round; both came up fiercely. Soap led off vigorously but failed to reach his man, and got one from Lynch in return on the side of the cabase, above the left listener, that sent him staggering; but he rallied and caught Lynch on the punch bowl with a stunner. They clinched, Soap on top at the finish.

7. The sixth round had been so long and severe that the blacksmith came up to the seventh rather weak, and Soap dealt a terrific one on his cutwater, and followed with an upper cut, which brought him down heavily.

8th and last. Lynch came up groggy, and Soap not quite so fresh as in the last round, but he planted a heavy lett hander on Mullingar's bread basket which doubled him up, and catching him with one on the side of the noddle which laid him out, and knocked all the fight out of poor Lynch.

On time being called, Lynch sat in his corner too sick to rise, and the sponge was thrown up after 15 minutes fighting. It is only fair to say that Lynch was suffering from an old and very bad rupture, which gave him excessive pain when he undertook to get up. He said he could have fought longer if he could have got up. Soap got only a slight scratch on his lip, otherwise he suffered nothing at all, though he was short winded from want of training. The enthusiasm was not excessive on either side, though both were cheered on entering the ring, and Soap when the sponge went up. Lynch got some heavy blows on the ribs, and one on the neck; but his face was very little bruised; his under lip was somewhat swollen, and his face a little. McAlpin is desirous of making a match with James McElroy, the Stewart street Champion, for $300 or $500, the fight to be in the same ring as Harris and Chandler fight.

THE 86TH STREET TRAGEDY.—Concerning this melancholy shooting affray, recently reported, a contemporary supplies the following information as to who and what the parties were. It appears by the statement that "Daily kept a gambling resort on Sixth street, in the city of Troy. The famous "French Rosa" was a paramour of his, to whom he was married but a few days previous to her death, and received by her will some $6,000 or $7,000 which she had accumulated by a life of shame. He removed to this city about a year ago, and resides at 59 Downing street. Day was about 28 years of age. He had formerly been a bar keeper for Daily at the Sixth street place above mentioned, where, about three years ago, he shot a young man named Dooley, who, however, subsequently recovered. A year ago he became an inmate of the Marshall Infirmary, in Troy, and though discharged from the institution some months ago, had since exhibited frequent symptoms of lurking insanity. It is more than probable that it was under the influence of one of these attacks that he attempted the murder of Daily, as there had never been any ill feeling between them, and his object in coming to New York, about three weeks ago, was for the purpose of receiving assistance from Daily, who also supported him while in the Infirmary."

MILLING AT STOCKTON, CAL.—Phil Cook and Ned Houpt, the former being the challenged party, fought on Jan. 20th, as will be seen by a letter to Cook from Stockton, dated Jan. 17, which reads as follows:—

"*Dear Sir.*—You would oblige me much by meeting me in the rear of Stockwell's on Sunday, Jan. 20, for the purpose of giving satisfaction." Accordingly on Sunday, Jan. 20, two days after the challenge had been sent by Houpt, the combatants, after having arranged the necessary "prelims," proceeded with their friends to the place appointed to settle their *affaire d'honneur*. At 11 o'clock they reached the spot, which was on the slough below Banner Island, Cal. At a quarter past eleven the men commenced fighting. Cook got first blood in the first round, had the best of the wrestling, got first knock-down, but lost by a foul, after contending 8 rounds in 17 minutes.

NED RYAN'S BENEFIT IN FRISCO.—On Saturday evening, Feb. 9, the American Theatre was pretty well filled to see the boxing for Ned Ryan's benefit. The ball was opened by a pretty good set-to by Devine and Young. Tom Chandler and Pete Maguire then appeared and were enthusiastically applauded. Give and take was the order of the evening, and both the boys got in some hard hits. This bout was pronounced by all to be the best sparring contest seen in San Francisco for months. Kelly and Nyland gave evidence of a knowledge of the art of self-defence. Johnny Riley, of the Second Artillery Band, imitated the storming of Fort Sumter in a drum solo. Jack Wilson and Tommy Rosenstein gave a good tumbling performance. McIlroy and Young Nyland had a set-to to wind up the performance. The boys did very well and were much applauded.

LOCATED ONCE MORE.—Little Dick Hollywood, the Nonpariel of the Ring, it pleases us to be able to say, has once more got into business, and per consequence is his own lord and master. It is not in New York, Jersey City, or Brooklyn that he has pitched his tent

on the look-out for the other principals, the referee, and one or two of those who were present at the encounter.

Since the above was in type we learn that Jem Warnock was brought before the sheriff of Sterlingshire on Saturday, March 2, and having pleaded guilty to his participation in the combat, was sentenced to twenty days imprisonment—rather hard on poor Jem, who, for a lad of his courage and ability, has been somewhat unfortunate of late. Charlie Hart, the other principal, was taken into custody in Glasgow on Monday, March 4, and, after an examination before a Glasgow baillie, remitted to the Stirlingshire authorities the day following.

ROOKE AND ALLEN IN COURT.—At the petty sessions held on Saturday, Feb. 23, at the Kendall Town Hall, Jack Rooke and Harry Allen were charged with committing a breach of the peace by prize fighting at Gray Rigg, Westmoreland, on Feb. 5. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Dunn, chief constable of the county, who called as witnesses Superintendent Carson, of Penrith, and police constable Currie, of Kendal, whose evidence was to the effect that they made a descent upon the scene of action, the defendants and spectators hastening away on their appearing in sight, the former being overtaken and captured in fighting costume, and showing bruises and blood on various parts of their bodies. R. F. Thompson, solicitor, Kendal, made a most eloquent speech for the defence, after which the magistrates retired, and on their return the chairman said they had decided to commit the defendants for trial at the ensuing quarter sessions, to be held at Kendal, on April 11. Bail was tendered and accepted, themselves in £100, and one surety each of £50. It is due to both men, especially to Rooke, that certain mis-statements should be corrected. On the examination it was stated that Rooke had been three times previously before the Westmoreland magistracy, but that is untrue. Besides this, the men have been prejudiced by the alleged challenges to each other and the report of a fresh match. In the first place, no new engagement whatever has been entered into, the only thing being that one of Allen's backers sent a deposit to a contemporary to make a fresh match. Allen repudiates it, and the money has consequently been returned. The challenges which have appeared were from the men's backers, and the men themselves have not only refused to endorse them, but have become firm friends since their little "brush," and they do not intend to fight again Under these circumstances, and considering their previous good characters, that not the slightest resistance was offered to the police, no damage committed, and the little affair of honor (for it is thought it arose out of a quarrel) being settled in a quiet out-of-the-way spot, without annoying anybody, that the ends of justice would be sufficiently met by binding the men over to keep the peace for a reasonable term; as they will in any event be put to considerable expense by these proceedings, which they can ill afford.

THE RING CHAMPIONSHIP.—On Friday, March 1, another "tenner" was posted on behalf of Ned O'Baldwin and Joe Goss, all going along smoothly, notwithstanding the encounter between Goss and Tom Allen, on March 5, and the championship has to be decided but one month afterwards, viz., on April 5. O'Baldwin and Nat Langham paid Sheffield a visit on Tuesday evening, Feb. 26, when from four hundred to five hundred admirers of pugilism were present at the Brunswick Hall. The following local celebrities gave their services, and entertained the company: M'Grail and Jack Smith, Tip Taylor and Jemmy Congon, Young Parker and Young Lowe (the Little Wonders), the latter is the son of Joe Lowe, of notoriety in days gone by; Vincent M'Nally and Harry Neville (the Black), this was the best exhibition of the evening; Martin Connoly and George Jackson, the Artful Dodger (J. Pace) and Young Duffy, and Tom Bates and Swiss Jones. The entertainment was brought to a close by O'Baldwin and Nat Langham, the latter of whom also addressed the audience.

R. RODLEY AND T. KELLY, FOR £100, AT CATCHWEIGHT.—These men, the former of whom hails from Hunslet, and the latter from Bradford, met on Tuesday, March 5th, at Clapham Common, in the Leeds district, Eng., to settle their differences, and, after fighting eleven rounds, occupying 23 min., the police put in an appearance and stopped further hostilities. There was but little punishment administered on either side, what fighting there was being in favor of Kelly. They were to meet again on Wednesday, March 6th. Further particulars will be given next week.

GALLANT AND DETERMINED FIGHT IN THE HOME CIRCUIT.—An orderly meeting took place at a secluded spot on Monday, March 4th, to witness a fight between two novices, Dicky Hook and Billy Miles, both of Lambeth, for £5 a side. They fought twenty-one rounds in 1 hour 2 min., when Hook was hailed the winner, both being almost blind. Miles had the best of the fight for the first half hour, and nearly blinded Hook in the sixth round. Hook proved himself a thorough game 'un, and fought Miles to a stand-still. Hook was seconded by Alf. Isaacs, and Froggy Miles by Ned Dwyer and Carroll. Both men were severely punished.

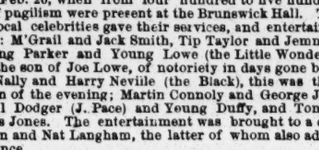
BILLIARDS IN BRITAIN.—A game of billiards was played at St. James' Hall, London, Eng., on the 26th ult., between T. Bennett and J. Roberts, Jr., a couple of youthful experts with the cue, for £100 a side: The game was 1,000 points up, with 2 1-16 inch balls and 3¼ inch pockets. It occupied 4 hours and 53 minutes, and was won by Bennett by 71 points, the score being 1,000 to 929 points. At the conclusion of the match Roberts offered to make another match for from £100 to £500 a side, but Bennett declined.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.—This miniature American ship, which made the "sporting" voyage some little time since across the great Atlantic, left Limehouse Dock at about six o'clock on Monday morning, Feb. 25th, and proceeded to Havre, whence it was towed up the Seine to the French capital, for the Paris Exposition.

TOM KING VS. FRANK KILSBY.—In reply to a challenge to Tom King (England's ex-champion pugilist), to row him over the usual course on the Thames for £200 a side, within three months from the present date, King has left a deposit of £25 to make the match.

BILLIARDS.

The Standard American Billiard Tables



AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.

Seven distinct patents for improvements in Billiard Tables have been granted to us by the United States Patent Office, and we have lately obtained a patent from the French Government for our improvements in billiard cushions.

We employ, in the construction of our tables, a variety of machines specially made for the purpose, by which means we are enabled to insure a scientific and mechanical accuracy hitherto unknown in billiard manufacture.

AMERICAN CUE CEMENT.—Price for large bottles, 50 cents. Warranted the best in use.

Price Lists and full information sent by mail.

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
44-tf 63, 65, 67 and 69 Crosby street, New York.

Billiards.

A FIRST CLASS TABLE,
Furnished with the Best Cushion ever invented, viz:—
"THE CAT GUT"
made only by KAVANAGH & DECKER, cor. Canal and Centre streets, New York City.

The Cat Gut Cushion, for which we have a Patent dated December 18th, 1866, is an improvement billiard men have long been wishing for. Wherever it has been tried—and it has been introduced extensively within the past year in New York and vicinity—it has given perfect satisfaction. We are frequently called upon to remove the cushions of other makers, and substitute THE CAT GUT.

Prize of a table fully equipped, $525.
KAVANAGH & DECKER,
41-3m Canal and Centre st., New York.

Harry Parker's Eclipse Shades.

NO. 75 MAIN STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE BEST BAGATELLE TABLES.
Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best quality. 49-3t*

BILLIARDS IN THE EIGHTH WARD.—A match game of billiards was played at Cas. Lux's billiard saloon, 203 Spring street, between Wm. Edwards and Thos. Fields, on the 14th inst., 1,000 points up, for $100 a side, Edwards giving his opponent 300 points. This is the third match between the above aspirants for billiardistic fame, and it was a first class exhibition. The play opened at 10 minutes to 9, and was concluded at 11 o'clock. We give the summary below: Fields, 1,000; Edwards, 741. Highest runs—Fields, 73; Edwards, 54. Average—Edwards, 10 41-100; Fields, 10. Thomas Byrnes acted as marker and was very prompt in calling game. Considerable of the "requisite" changed "dukes" on the occasion. Edwards says he will play Fields on any other table named, and give him the same odds, for from $50 to $100.

BILLIARD CASE IN COURT.—The case of S. W. Emerson, of Melrose, Mass., charged with keeping a billiard room in said town without licence by the selectmen, was brought up in the Superior Criminal Court at East Cambridge on the 13th inst., before Judge Morton, who ordered that the seven indictments against him be quashed owing to informalities in the warrants issued by Mr. Briggs, a trial Justice, when defendant had an examination before that magistrate. The fees and costs were likewise disallowed.

SKITTLE MATCH.—Another interesting match came off at the Rabbit Warren, Carroll street, South Brooklyn, on the evening of the 11th inst., between a brace of amateurs, named respectively Forrester and Oaks, the latter allowing his opponent five in a game of twenty-one chalks. The players were very evenly matched, and the closeness of the game induced considerable betting, and a proportionate degree of excitement among the large number of skittlers present. At length the game stood thus: Forrester, 17; the Derby gentleman, 18; having each respectively 4 and 3 chalks to procure. By a lucky throw Forrester came up with his opponent, and the excitement became intense and the players somewhat nervous. It was Forrester's throw, and he made a "twoer," or, in skittle parlance, a "twice," and got a chalk. Then the Derby one got a chalk. After again trying, each got in turn another chalk, and consequently each had but one to go. Forrester took four throws to take down the next lot, while his opponent did the same work with three balls, and so won the match by 1 chalk. An analysis of the game showed 17 ties out of the 21 chalks. Forrester threw 170 balls, made up of 1 "floorer," 18 "2's," 21 "3's," 8 "4's," and seven "fives." Oakes took 160 balls to win the game, made up thus: one "floorer," eighteen "twos," twenty-eight "threes," six "fours," and three "fives." At the conclusion of the game the parties adjourned to Bob's spacious and cozy dining room, where they found a bountiful repast spread, to which all did justice, and passed the hours intervening before the long strike in a sociable fashion.

THE TRIGGER AT THE EXPOSITION.—The French Societe des Carabiniers, with a view to add to the attractions of the Paris Exposition, and test the relative skill of the crack trigger-pullers of the different countries of Europe, have, it is said, voted twenty thousand francs for the purchase of prizes to be given to the successful competitors in a grand international rifle match. The grounds are already being prepared. Can't some of Uncle Sam's sharp-shooters go in for a share of the twenty thousand francs?

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

ALFRED FORD.—The price of "Brevity and Brilliancy in Chess," post paid, is $1.75. Address Miron, Danbury, N. H.

EUGENE B. COOK.—Your letter gave us the liveliest pleasure; especially the information *in re* "Chess Nuts." When the 2d edition of "CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNEY" will appear is beyond our ken; we furnished our part for it months since. The proposition is for two styles, muslin, full bound, and paper, illuminated. Though grossly neglected by the publisher the 1st edition is now about exhausted. For the other matter see answer above.

WM. C. HOWARD.—The required information sent by mail.

J. D. JANVIER.—Your kind letter and enclosure very welcome. No "dodge," be assured; the friend named will be happy to add your autograph to his collection. Glad you approve of our views as at once philosophical and practical. We have reflected long and much on the subject, but never before had an opportunity to express our conclusions.

F. W., Philadelphia.—The four missing numbers "ordered" us have not come to hand.

CHAS. A. GILBERG.—Those suggested contributions will be welcome now at any time suiting your pleasure and convenience.

THEO. M. BROWN.—We are ready *now*, at any time; the sooner the better. No "C. P. Companion" has yet been received.

F. F., Fort Trumbull, Ct.—If white was not in check, but, having the move, could not do so without moving into check, it was a "stale mate," which is tantamount to a drawn game.

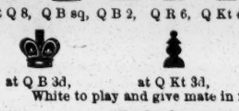
HOBOKEN, N. Y.—A pawn may be queened or knighted, though the player may have not lost his queen or either of his knights; so that it is possible for him to have half a dozen or more of queens or knights.

Enigma No. 571.

From the Chess Players' Magazine.

BY HERR H. MEYER.

at Q 8, Q B sq, Q B 2, Q R 6, Q Kt 4, Q 4, K 4th.

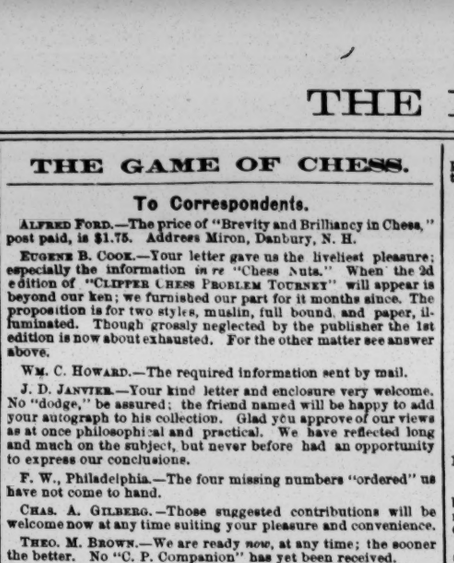


at Q B 3d, at Q Kt 3d, at K B 4th.
White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 571.

BY P. RICHARDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 571.

Comical skirmish in which our contributor Theo. M. Brown gives a beginner the odds of *both Rooks*.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Attack, T. M. B.	Defence, Youngling.	Attack, T. M. B.	Defence, Youngling.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	8..Q Kt to Q 5 +	K Kt × Kt
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	9..Q × Q B	Q-her 2
3..P-Q 4	Q Kt-B 3	10..K B-K 6	Q-K sq
4..K B-B 4	P-Q R 3	11..K P × Kt	Kt × Q 1st P
5..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	12..P-Q B 3	P-K R 3
6..K Kt-his 5	Q B-Kt 5	13..Kt-K B 7	K R-Kt sq
7..K B × P +	K-his 2	14..Q-Kt 5 +, and mates next move.	

MORAL.—It is not the pieces you have, but those you use.

Lively skirmish between the Rev. S. W. Wayte and E. D. Rhodes —*Loewenthal's Magazine.*

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

Mr. Wayte.	Mr. Rhodes.	Mr. Wayte.	Mr. Rhodes.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Kt to K 4 (†)	Q × R P + (‡)
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	12..P-K Kt 3	Q-K R 7
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	13..Q-her 3	Q-Kt 8 +
4..P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	14..K-Q 2	Q-Kt 7 + (*b*)
5..K Kt-K 5	K Kt-B 3	15..K-Q 3	Kt-K B 7
6..K B-B 4	P-Q 4	16..Kt-B 6 + (*c*)	K-B sq (*d*)
7..K P × P	K B-Q 3	17..Q B-R 6 +	K-his 2
8..P-Q 4	K Kt-R 4	18..Q-K 3	Kt-K 5 +
9..Q Kt-B 3	Kt-his 6 (*)	19..Q Kt × Kt	B × K Kt,
10..Q B × P	K Kt × R (*a*)	and Mr. W. mates in 6 moves (*e*).	

(*) The Defence apparently has no better move than 9. Q to K 2.

(*a*) An analysis of this position by Herr Falkbeer shows that the Attack must now acquire a winning position.

(†) This, the turning move, is the invention of Frank Healey, the eminent problematist.

(‡) If Defence 11..Q B to B 4 (Wayte), then thus:

11..	Q B to B 4	14..Q B to R 6 +	K to his 2
12..Q B to Kt 5	Q-her B sq	15..Q-her 2	K R-Kt sq *best*
13..K B-Kt 5 +	K-B sq *best*	16..Q-K B 4, with much the preferable game.	

(*b*) To take the other R is to insure speedy defeat.

(*c*) Mr. W. thinks this more conclusive than 16..Kt × Kt, followed by R to K B sq.

(*d*) If K to his 2d, 17..Q to K 3d follows.

(*e*) A few months earlier and this *partie* would assuredly have found a niche in "Brevity and Brilliancy."

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

AARON HASKINS, Erie Co., Va.—Your position is sound, and shall appear. Let us hear from you again.

H. H. C., Binghampton, N. Y.—Friend C., you take more than was intended for you in our reply, which is perhaps partially our fault. Is this satisfactory? If so, let us hear from you. If you have any good games they will be quite acceptable.

NED STRAIGHT, St. Louis, Mo.—There are several published positions with a similar ending, but as yours is a variation, it shall appear.

J. L. S., Binghampton, N. Y.—We consider the American Draught Player, by H. Spayth, the best.

HORACE POOLE, West Hanover, Mass.—See our reply to J. L. S.

Great Draught Playing Match.

The famous draught players, Martins and Wyllie, are again matched, this time for £100 a side, and the conditions of play will be as follows:—

It is hereby agreed on the part of James Wyllie, of Leven, and Robert Martins, of Douglass, respectively, to play a match at draughts, 50 games, wins and draws to count, for one hundred pounds sterling a side, two hundred pounds in all, on the following conditions:—

1st. That the match be played in Glasgow, Scotland, commencing on Monday, 10th June, 1867, at one o'clock, P.M., and every lawful day thereafter at the same hour, with an interval of one hour about 4:30, P.M. (the game being finished), and no game to be commenced after nine o'clock, P.M.

2d. That the match, wholly on the black squares, shall be played in accordance with the standard laws, as in Anderson's second edition, with red and white men.

3d. That the first deposit of £10 a side be staked with *Bell's Life* within ten days after date; the second deposit of £10 a side be made by the 18th of April; and the final deposit of £80 a side be forwarded to the stakeholder by the 28th of May next.

4th. That the money collected for admission be divided equally between the players, after deducting rent and all necessary expenses.

5th. That an umpire for each player be appointed, along with a referee to be mutually chosen, whose decision, in case of dispute, shall be final.

6th. That the party failing to perform this agreement shall forfeit the money deposited with *Bell's Life* to the person performing or willing to perform the same.

7th. Should either player object to the position any person may occupy as spectator or otherwise, he shall be bound to comply with the wish of the player without explanation, by moving or leaving the room; but in courtesy another place will be assigned to him, where he can obtain an equal view of the board.

8th. In the event of both players being equal at the end of the fifty games here mentioned, the contest for the stakes shall be resumed on Monday, the 5th of August, 1867, on the same conditions as above, with the following restrictions additional:—

9th. The resumed match or contest shall consist of sixty-two games. In the first fourteen games each player, as regards the first move, shall be bound to make every available opening; for example, 12 to 16, 11 to 16, 11 to 15, 10 to 15, 10 to 14, 9 to 14 and 9 to 13; but he may make these openings in whatever order of time he pleases, provided he does not repeat the same opening. In none of these seven openings shall there be any restriction whatever as to how the white men shall be moved.

During the next eighteen games the red men shall be under no restriction, except that the first move shall be invariably from 11 to 15. In these eighteen games each player with the white men shall be bound to open the second side in every available way; for example, first game 21 to 17; second game 22 to 17; third game 22 to 18 (15 to 22), 25 to 18; fourth game 22 to 18 (15 to 22), 26 to 17; fifth game 23 to 18; sixth game 23 to 19; seventh game 24 to 19 (15 to 24), 27 to 20; eighth game 24 to 19 (15 to 24), 28 to 19; and ninth game 24 to 20; but he may make these openings in whatever order of time he pleases, provided he does not repeat the same opening.

The next and last thirty games shall consist in each player taking once the first and once the second side of the fifteen different games in Anderson's second edition. To carry out this, each player, from time to time, as he obtains the red men or plays first, shall call out the name of what game in Anderson's is to be played till these thirty games are exhausted.

Glasgow, 21st Feb., 1867, JAMES WYLLIE.
Douglass, 23d Feb., 1867, ROBERT MARTINS.

£10 a side are now up.

Game No. 47.---Vol. XIV.

Between "Permanent Green" and "Uncle Ned."

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. P. G.	White. U. N.	Black. P. G.	White. U. N.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	11..14 to 18	22 to 15
2..15 22	25 18	12..11 18(c)	31 26
3..8 11	29 25	13..8 11	24 19
4..4 8	24 20	14..11 15	19 10
5..12 16	25 22	15..6 15	20 16
6..10 15	23 19(a)	16..2 7(d)	26 23
7..16 23	26 10	17..18 27	32 23
8..7 23(b)	27 18	18..1 6(e)	21 17
9..9 14	18 9	19..7 11	16 7
10..5 14	28 24	20..3 10	30 25

Drawn.*

Notes by "Uncle Ned."—(a) I do not find this move in the books. (b) 6 to 15 evidently loses. (c) Black appears anxious to reduce the forces. (d) 15 to 19 also leads to a drawn game. (e) Quite as good as anything else.

*We publish this game, with "Uncle Ned's" notes, and would state, in addition, that it is "open to criticism," which is hereby solicited from any of our correspondents.

Solution of Position No. 87.--Vol. XIV.

BY I. D. J. SWEET.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..18 to 14	9 to 18	3..25 to 22, and wins.	
2..17 22	23 32		

Solution of Position No. 88.--Vol. XIV.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

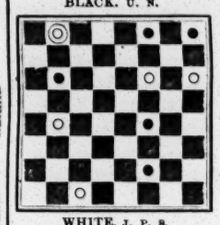
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..1 to 6	27 to 18	3..10 to 7	3 to 10
2..15 10	16 23	4..6 22, and wins.	

Position No. 89, Vol. XIV. Position No. 90, Vol. XIV.

BY I. J. F. SWEET. BY J. DRUMMOND.

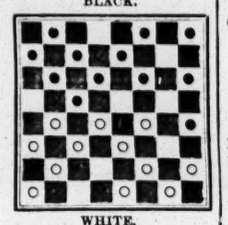
END-GAME BETWEEN UNCLE NED AND J. F. S.

BLACK. U. N.



WHITE. J. P. S.
White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

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City Summary.

MONDAY, March 18, '67.

WE HAVE had a somewhat exciting week of it, the rise of the Fenian standard in Ireland having monopolised much of our attention, and therefore lowered our theatrical standard. The news one day was of a character to "bull the market," as we say in Wall street, while that of the succeeding day tended to bear it, although it was said a storm was brewin' that would toss Mr. Bull higher than the imaginary kite. This Fenian "scare," for we scarcely know what else to call it, operated to the distress of the theatres as well as to the distress of the Dublin powers; unless checked, the latter feared that the Fenians might soon be doublin' their powers to such an extent as to Cork up the Dublin, stout-waisted, supporters of the government. And then, to still further interfere with our in-door recreations, we are fairly under way in the season of Lent, when good Christians are supposed to abstain from all frivolities, gaieties and unseemly rations. And yet, strange and impious as it may appear, the irrepressible Maretzek has given us a grand carnival at the Academy, Lent to the contrary notwithstanding, and with this example before us, masquerades have followed, until we begin to question whether, while the seasons are changing, the season of Lent is not also changing, for the world now-a-days seems to be turning upside down. One of the peculiar features of gay life in the European capitals is its masquerades, and the metropolis of the Western World is beginning to follow suit in its admiration of this exciting and amusing sort of spectacle. When our Parisian Expositionists shall have returned from that gay and festive scene, from those halls of dazzling light, we presume we shall be inundated with Paris conceits in exchange for our Yankee notions. But *nix com arous*, as our "German Without a Master" kindly informs us.....We have had an "episode"—an episode between an injured husband and an injured newspaper man—since our last, and the theatrical world and the newspaper world are in a very fine frenzy rolling, in consequence. It appears that the gentleman of the press is a very gallant person, and, rather than see unprotected females left out in the cold by inconsiderate husbands, he not infrequently volunteers the services of his pen and person in their defence and protection. Now, it so happened that a sprightly actress, who bloomed at the Winter Garden, attracted the notice of our gallant newspaporial friend, and supposing that she was a much neglected plant, void of the necessary cares of the husband man, he, it is alleged, much sympathy for her did express, and sought to comfort and to cheer her lonely hours. Many tender words were, no doubt, spoken, and mutual admiration was the consequence. But this kind and sympathetic feeling toward another man's wife does not seem to have run smoothly; that is, so far as the husband was concerned. The unfeeling creature, instead of thanking the paper man for taking care of his wife, instead of avowing it to be the happiest moment of his life, and all that, lays plans to circumvent the pair, and graft an apple of discord on the tender stock of two loving hearts. Time, midnight! All is quiet except the meandering footsteps of "two solitary pedestrians," who might have been seen wending their unwcary way homeward. One of these solitary wayfarers was the actress, the other a "writer" for the press, or, as the egotistical "Doctor Patrick" would say, a "director of publications." Oblivious to all around him save the fair creature hanging to his dexter fin for protection from the rude buffets of a villainous world, our deeply interested newspaper "confrere" was in an ecstacy of bliss, in the happy consciousness of giving aid and comfort to a deserted wife, to one left desolate and lone to tread the paths that lead but to the grave homestead of her refractory husband. At this unpropitious moment, at this unseemly hour, when all well disposed and virtuous men should be in their beds, suddenly there rang upon the midnight air the sharp crack of a Sharp's rifle—or pistol, it is immaterial which—and with the report came another report from the man of letters that shot he was in the rear. *Tableau*—Injured husband in bold relief, with pistol firmly grasped in one hand, and pointing with the other to the "destroyer of his peace;" on either side were the recumbent forms of the surprised protector and his confiding female friend in distress. In the background swarms of locusts were to be seen, the whole forming a very pretty picture. *Moral.*—Never undertake to assist or protect the wife of an "unreasonably frenzied" husband.....Talking about such things puts us in mind of a criminal conundrum:—Why is P. T. Barnum, the "*Herald's Pet*," like George Rooke? Because he has gone into training for his match with the "Cast Iron Man."..... The winter just past has been very severe on some of our histrionic friends, and trunks and things now held secure by venomous and rapacious landlords, attest the impecuniosity of many. Recently, a fair young actress was left in single wretchedness among the Michiganders by an unscrupulous, adventurous manager of a traveling concern, and this is the way she unbosoms herself to our wondering gaze:—

LAMENT OF A LONE ACTRESS.

Navy-a-cent! Away from my home;
Broke, among savages stuck all alone;
No one to say "*Will* settle your bill;"
But every one ready to kick you down hill.
The voice of the landlord is heard in the hall:
"You cannot pay your board at all;
What makes you choose this town to bust in?
I keeps your trunks to pay for trustin';"
In vain you smile and try to "mash him;"
He looks so cross you'd like to smash him.
Some people call this *hole* a town—
O! save the mark! I hope 'twill drown,
And every one in it; and I am a sham
If ever I play in Michigan.

.....But the Lament of the Actress has nothing to do with the Lament of the Managers, whom the elder Booth so often left in the lurch. A Louisville correspondent, who was intimate with the great actor, sends us the following concerning the freaks of the lamented Booth:—"Mr. Booth entered into an engagement with the manager of the theatre here, and was to appear as Richard. The house was crowded, but he failed to appear. Mr. Parson, the manager, was in great trouble. One of the supernumeries (how one of our most prominent and wealthy business men, who will at once recognize this,) was sent in search of him, and found him two miles from the city, and very merry. He brought him in and dressed him for his part. I was sitting near enough to the stage to see and hear what took place before his entrance. Booth asked for a drink; the supe refused to give it, but agreed finally to give him a spoonful; after which Booth asked him to start him on the soliloquy. After a few words, the tragedian said he was all right. The recollections of last performance will never be forgotten by those present. Macready, Forrest, and all the great stars pale when that Richard is remembered, and, with all respect, I believe 'Richard the Third' died that night in earnest. It was very late, but the audience were determined to have Booth before the curtain. He came in a most kingly and dignified manner, slightly bowed his head and said: 'Beat that who can,' and left the stage a maniac.' Mr. Booth remained in Louisville for some time, and many of his freaks were remarkable. I was clerk in a bookstore, and every evening he bought a bible, until he bought the last one we had. What he did, or wanted with them, I do not know."

FANNY MORGAN PHELPS, an actress who has won considerable reputation in the California and Australian theatres, made her debut in this city on the 11th inst., in the comedy of "The Wild Irish Girl" and as Maggie in "The Bonnie Fish Wife." This bill was played three nights, when it gave place to the "Ladies' Battle" and "Katty O'Sheal," which continued on the bills the remainder of the week. The attendance was not good, probably owing to the very bad support the lady received from the company, which was poor, with the exception of three or four people. So poor was it that the star was obliged to put up only light pieces. Mr. D'Orsey Ogden would make a clever walking gentleman for a country theatre, but he does not possess sufficient talent to warrant his filling that line of business in Broadway. He is awkward on the stage and full of mannerisms. Belvin Ryan is the best actor in the company, and the different characters he assumed last week were carefully and judiciously enacted. Mrs. Harry Wall is a good-looking actress, an dresses with considerable taste. Mrs. Edward Wright is a good eccentric old woman. Of the rest of the company the least said the better. Fanny Morgan Phelps was very unfortunate in the selection of the pieces in which she appeared, particularly that of the "Wild Irish Girl," which she should immediately strike from her *repertoire*. The "Ladies' Battle" was very well played by this lady, and her business in this piece convinces us that she is capable of playing the best of comedy parts. It is a pity that she did not appear as Anne Bracegirdle, Nell Gwynne or Peg Woffington. She possesses a fine figure and is prepossessing in appearance. What she does appears to be real and not assumed. Her style is free, natural and full of spirit. Her brogue is about the best we have ever heard. Her Scotch dialect is also very fine and she sings with great taste.

SAM COLLYER made his *debut* at Tony Pastor's Opera House on the 11th inst. to an overflowing house. He appeared in two acts, first in exercises with the Indian clubs, which he handled with considerable ease, going through more motions with them than we have ever before seen. He was loudly applauded and called before the curtain. He next appeared in a triple clog dance with his two pupils. Clog dancing has become so common now-a-days that, to make an impression upon an audience, the performer must be as good as any of his predecessors, or else execute steps that have not before been witnessed. Mr. Collyer is a clever dancer—nothing more. He executes a clog dance that would do for what is called a fill up act. He appears to be out of his element when dancing, not doing it with a good will. He does not execute any new steps, his being the old stereotyped onesof all cloggists. His kids are two very smart boys. They did a song and dance very neatly, and they are also good with the clogs. We prefer their style of dress in their song and dance to any other two performers we know. It smacks of the plantation down South, just as we have seen those happy nigs after their days' work, dancing on the heel and toe down in Georgia and on the Mississippi steamboats years ago. Collyer and his boys were very well received each evening, the house being crowded every night. The burlesque of "Massaniello" was played, and it was noted for the excellent make-up of G. F. McDonald as Forrest. It is the nearest approach to the great tragedian both in dress and looks that we have ever seen. T. G. Riggs was also very good as Elvira, a young lady. He dressed the character so well that many in the audience would not believe that it really was a man. This week "The Working Girls of New York" is to be revived.

FELL THROUGH.—Last week papers were drawn up ready for signing, and everything considered as good as fixed for transferring the lease of the Broadway Theatre by Manager Wood to Charley White for two years, for the variety business, at an annual rental of $30,000, but as the owner of the property would not permit the lease to be transferred for that style of amusement, all arrangements were knocked in the head. Charley is looking around for a suitable place on Broadway to open, as he vacates his present establishment by the first of May.

A SHOOTING AFFRAY.—On Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., a man was shot in this city, and as one of the principals interested in the affair belongs to the profession, we give our readers the particulars. Mr. Daniel McFarland, a lawyer and husband of Mrs. McFarland, professionally known as Miss Cushing, of late engaged at the Winter Garden, where she has appeared in the play of "Hamlet," as the Player Queen, Marion in "Richelieu," and Nerissa in "Merchant of Venice," and Albert D. Richardson, connected with the *Tribune* in this city, are the parties most interested. The cause of the shooting is as follows:—Mr. Richardson while in this city has been stopping at No. 72 Amity street. The McFarlands occupy a part of the same house. Their family consists of McF., two small children, and Mrs. McFarland. The lady is 32 years of age, with large blue eyes; her hair, which is worn at great length, a chestnut brown; and her form is quite large for her height. The domestic relations of Mr. and Mrs. McFarland are stated to have been uncongenial during the last two or three years, and "incompatibility of habits and temper, with occasional fits of perfectly groundless 'jealous lunacy,'" are the counts in the indictment alleged against the husband. Mrs. McFarland has for some years been noted among her friends for considerable ability as a Shakespearean reader, and was equally successful with other authors, her favorite renderings being, besides Shakespeare, from Macworth, Praed, Hood, and others. In 1863, during the illness of her husband, and with the avowed object of supporting her family, Mrs. McFarland attempted a series of readings in Trenton, N. J. So flattering was the reception accorded, that under the auspices of Gov. Parker and other State officers, together with the faculty of the State Normal School, and prominent citizens, the readings were continued, and the lady became rapidly and widely popular among the hospitable Jerseymen. Having accomplished the object of her public appearance, Mrs. McFarland returned to this city. Having always experienced a fondness for the stage, she prepared herself for that work, and was some months ago registered on the stock list at the Winter Garden. Her appearance began with the commencement of the present engagement of Edwin Booth. The coincidence of living in the same house led to an acquaintance which developed into a friendship between Mrs. McFarland and Mr. Richardson. Since her appearance on the boards it has been her custom to repair to the Winter Garden a little after 6 P. M. Her duties detained her till about 10½, at which time she would retire. For several weeks past her escort, it is stated, has been Mr. Richardson, and, at long intervals, her husband did that duty. On several occasions McFarland has come just too late to take his wife home from the play, and learning that Mr. Richardson had been his proxy to that extent, manifested a degree of verbal dissatisfaction that excited passing attention and amusement among the *attaches* of the establishment. On Wednesday night he called to take his wife home, but the lady had just departed with Mr. Richardson. McFarland said nothing but strode quickly up Mercer and Amity streets, and thence towards his house down that thoroughfare, and just as Mrs. McFarland and Mr. Richardson were about to go up the steps, the husband, without saying a word, whipped out a four barreled pistol and fired twice at Mr. Richardson. Only the second ball took effect. Feeling himself shot, Mr. Richardson at once said to Mrs. McFarland, "Run! run!" and proceeded to do the same for himself, but, on second thought, turned and grappled with McFarland, seizing his pistol arm and attempting to throw his assailant to the ground. During the struggle between the men, the pistol went off twice, hitting a tree, a curbstone and a door step on the other side of the street. Spite of his wound, Richardson was fast getting the better of the lawyer, when a policeman came up and stopped the struggle by arresting both parties. The excitement of the fight over, Richardson's wound began to tell, and what with loss of blood and the reaction from the contest, he came near fainting and was wholly exhausted. Officer Seery came up upon a rap from the other officer, and the two policemen conveyed both parties to the station house. There Mr. McFarland was consigned to a cell, and Mr. Richardson was taken in a carriage to the residence of a friend. The ball was at once extracted, and, the bleeding stopped, the wound was found to be but a trifling flesh injury. So soon as the shooting commenced, Mrs. McFarland proceeded to the house of a friend near by. During the day she called to learn the condition of Mr. Richardson, and, not unnaturally, was considerably indignant and excited at the turn affairs had taken. Both the gentleman and lady insist that there is not an iota of fact on which to base the evident jealousy that inspired McFarland's assault. Owing to causes which are apparent, as well as to considerable nervous agitation, Mrs. McFarland did not appear at the Winter Garden the next night, her *role* being assumed by Miss Johnson. McFarland, it is represented, had consented to a separation, and she had gone to live with her friends, earning her own support upon the stage and by the labors of her pen. Mr. Richardson had been requested to escort her from the theatre that night, when he was attacked by the infuriated husband.

"OUR TENEMENT HOUSES" is the title of a so called drama of city life produced at Barnum's Mussum on the 11th inst. The author did well in not having his name on the bill, for a greater amount of trash we have seldom witnessed. It is a rehash of the "Streets of New York" and "Mose," but so inferior to either that it will not bear comparison. The best part in the piece is that of Edward by M. Levick, and even that does not amount to much.

LADY DON is in the fifth and last week of her engagement at the New York Theatre. Last week she appeared as Fanny Hearthght in "Brother Bob," which is nothing more than the old play of "The Rough Diamond." Lady Don also played Myles Na Coppaleen in the burlesque of "Colleen Bawn." The burlesque is exceedingly well written, and had it been produced the first week of this lady's engagement she would no doubt have made a better impression, as it was decidedly her best performance. Mrs. Gomersal looked well as Hardress and sang charmingly. For her benefit on the 15th inst., she played Milly in the comedy of "The Maid with the Milking Pail," in which she sang the original song by the same name and "My Johnny was a Shoemaker." This was followed by a selection of Scotch ballads by Lady Don, beautifully illustrated by *tableaux vivants*, after which the burlesque of "Perseus and Andromeda" was given.

THE "STREETS OF NEW YORK" was withdrawn from the boards of the Olympic on the 16th inst. The first two weeks it attracted large audiences, but the third week business fell off and last week the attendance was very light. Mr. Mortimer played Badger until Wednesday evening of last week, when his continual drunkenness caused his dismissal from the theatre and his *role* was played by Mr. Sheridan, who had previously appeared as Captain Fairweather. During the four weeks of the play we do not believe that Mr. Mortimer appeared on the stage one night without being intoxicated, and on some occasions so badly that he could not speak the tag. Until he reforms, he ought not to be permitted to again disgrace his profession or insult those playing with him.

"LONDON ASSURANCE" was performed at the New York Theatre on the afternoon of the 13th inst., for the benefit of the Southern Relief Fund. With the single exception of the *role* of Lady Gay Spanker by Lady Don, the performance was execrable. John K. Mortimer was cast for Dazzle, but he was so beastly intoxicated that he could scarcely articulate or stand up on the stage. In the last act, when about to deliver Dolly Spanker's challenge to Sir Harcourt, he discovered that he had forgotten it and was obliged to leave the stage for it, saying, "I have left it on my writing desk." The scene was a ludicrous one. The attendance was very small.

THE RICHINGS' TROUPE, who made such a favorable impression in this city a few weeks ago, commence a second engagement at the Olympic Theatre this evening, opening in "The Bohemian Girl," to be followed on the 19th by "La Sonnambula." During the engagement the "Enchantress" will be produced in grand style with the original music. Several other popular operas will also be produced.

CHARLES AUSTIN, the "Zouave Driller," will sail for England by the next steamer. He goes there under engagement to the Haulon Brothers.

THE WEBB SISTERS will shortly sail for a pleasure tour to Europe. They expect to be gone about three months.

THE PRESENT LEASE of the New York Theatre expires May 1st, when Messrs. Baker & Smith retire and the Worrell Sisters take possession for one year at a rental of $22,000. A monied man has leased the theatre and these young ladies will appear as managers.

A FRESH PROGRAMME is offered the patrons of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels this week by the managers. Two new ballads will be sung by Mr. Kelly in the first part, and Seymour and Allen have got two good end songs. Leon will commence the olio with one of his characteristic acts, after which the rest of the comic element of the company will put in an appearance in some of their laughable acts. Business was excellent last week, the houses being crowded every evening but one, when the weather was very stormy.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS are in their last week but one at the Broadway Theatre. Their business last week was good but not great. The houses were about two thirds full, not more, which was no doubt owing to the Lenten season. "Shandy Maguire" and "An Hour in Seville" were given during the week. Barney afforded considerable fun as Shandy, keeping his auditors roaring with laughter. Mr. Harkins as the villain, Cantwell, was good. This evening, "All Hallow Eve" and "Latest from New York" form the programme. An eating and drinking saloon has been fitted up in good style in the basement, and all who wish to refresh can do so without leaving the theatre.

"THE FEMALE CLERKS OF WASHINGTON," which enjoyed a run at Charley White's some time since, is to be revived this evening. It is a drama of the sensational school, full of blood and thunder, and is well played at this establishment by the variety company. Charley White will appear in favorite acts; also all the favorites engaged at this house.

THE INTERNATIONAL AGENCY is in want of a number of ladies for the ballet, also a good *premiere danseuse*. As Messrs. Corbyn and Wall offer good salaries and long engagements, professionals should make a note of their advertisement in another column. Tony Denter, the well known pantommimist and gymnast, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates and Fanny Morgan Phelps, as well as a host of other first-class artists, are booked with this firm.

WIGS!—Parties wishing to procure theatrical wigs of the best quality and artistic in construction and design should not forget Paul De Spotte, the Parisian artist, who advertises in another column.

FRANK BATES, having taken Wood's Theatre for a few weeks, takes possession on the 25th inst., and produces a new play by James Schonberg, called "Oscar, the Half Breed."

"JENNIE DEANS" is to be produced at the New York Theatre on the 25th, with Rose Eytinge as Jennie Deans.

GRIFFIN AND CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, now holding forth nightly at the Fifth Avenue Opera House, include some very good performers, and they give a pleasing as well as varied entertainment. We took them in one night last week and passed two pleasant hours. Johnny Boyce and George Christy are on the ends, and judging by the applause that greeted them we should say they were great favorites. C. Henry sang a popular ballad in the first part, and in the olio sang "Katie Avourneen" in a manner that richly deserved the great applause that was bestowed upon him. Otto Burbank appears to be a favorite with the frequenters of this establishment. Johnny Boyce gave a stump speech, but it was like all stump speeches we have heard the past five years, studied from a book. Performers who do this act ought to get a new one written for the novelty of the thing.

SALLIE HINCKLEY sailed for California by the steamer of the 11th inst.

BONFANTI, one of the principal *danseuses* in the "Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden, re-appeared on the 14th inst., after being off the boards about two weeks. She was reported to have been sick. Several new dances have been introduced in the piece, one being the "Carnival of Venice," by Bonfanti. A grand carnival scene is in preparation, and will be introduced in the third act of this piece in place of the march, as soon as Lent is over. The attendance continues large.

THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT.—About two years ago the corner stone of a monument to Shakespeare was laid in the Central Park. Committees were appointed to collect subscriptions and select a design for the monument. The subscription list, aided by the proceeds of performances given by Edwin Booth and others, amounts to $20,000. On the evening of the 9th inst. the committee appointed to select a design met, and the design of J. Q. A. Ward was chosen. It represents Shakespeare in a meditative attitude, the expression of the face being remarkably fine. The figure is about ten feet high, and is replete with vigor in every detail. The design for the monument itself is also very beautiful, but it is not improbable that some portions of it may be altered. It will be executed in bronze, if the subscribers to the fund adopt the committee's report, and will probably be ready in a year from the present date. The site selected for it in the Park is at the south end of the Mall, and is one of the finest and most conspicuous positions that could have been chosen. The foundation for the monument has been laid and covered over.

GOING THE ROUNDS.—Saturday evening last (16th), was one of those nights not relished by theatrical managers. The night was decidedly the most unpleasant this winter. The snow not only came down fast, but the wind drove it into the faces of pedestrians, causing them to say everything but their prayers. Wishing to see how theatre-goers turned out on such a night, we resolved to visit every place of amusement in the city and count their returns, which we did with the following result:—Charley White's, orchestra 248, parquet 123, gallery 365, and three policemen; total 739. Broadway, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, orchestra 58, balcony chairs 13, parquet 165, dress circle 243, gallery 203, and one policeman; total 683. Wood's Theatre, Fanny Morgan Phelps, orchestra 21, parquet 40, dress circle 43, gallery 101; total 205. Barnum's Museum, orchestra 30, parquet 15, dress circle, 58, gallery 35, in the saloons 55; total 193. Niblo's Garden, "Black Crook," every seat occupied. San Francisco Minstrels, orchestra 126, parquet 135, gallery 155, and two policemen; total 418. Olympic, "Streets of New York," orchestra 62, parquet 75, dress circle 152, gallery 215, three policemen; total 507. Winter Garden, benefit (?) of W. Davige, orchestra 37, parquet 47, dress circle 34, gallery 68, two policemen; total 188. Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, orchestra 43, parquet 90, gallery 88, two policemen; total 223. New York Theatre, Lady Don, orchestra 71, parquet 73, dress circle 55, gallery 50, one policeman; total 250. Wallack's Theatre, big house, parquet 165, orchestra 340, dress circle, 300, gallery 540, 2 apple women and three policemen; total 1,350. Circus, dress circle 150, orchestra 35: total 185. Tony Pastor's Opera House, large house, orchestra 280, parquet 250, gallery 525; total 1,055. The Fifth Avenue Minstrels were out before we reached the hall. It will be seen that Niblo's, Wallack's and Tony Pastor's, had the largest houses. Tony Pastor had more than the Winter Garden, Kelly and Leon, Circus, Barnum's and Wood's combined.

DAVIS & Co., the go-aheadative managers of the dramatic agency located at 497 Broadway, this city, continue to prosper through the liberal patronage of the show folk. As they attend to all business entrusted to them with care and dispatch, the profesh will consult their interests by giving them a call. Their announcements will be found elsewhere.

THE LAST NIGHTS of Edwin Booth's present engagement at the Winter Garden are announced. He will appear in a different character each night. John Brougham will be the next star at this house, commencing the first week in April.

THE PARIS CIRCUS PARTY sail on the 30th inst.

MRS. JOHN WOOD will be the lessee of the Olympic Theatre next season. She is at present at London, Eng., making arrangements accordingly.

LADY DON has been engaged for one week longer at the New York Theatre, as "Jennie Deans" is not quite ready. Lady Don will appear as Kathleen in "Kathleen Mavourneen." "Don Cæsar De Bazan" is in active preparation.

"THE TWO BARNUMS OF CONNECTICUT" is the subject for a sketch to be done in black this week by the San Francisco Minstrels. A number of other new as well as old acts is also announced. "The Black Cook" burlesque and the "Shadow Pantomime" have been such good cards that the managers are loth to take them off, notwithstanding their patrons would prefer to see something new.

THERE APPEARS TO falling off in the rush of business at the Rialto dramatic and miscellaneous agency of Frank Rivers & Co., 25 West Houston street, this city, as may be seen by a glance at the long list of announcements elsewhere in this issue. Besides being the *only* authorized agents of a number of the bright and shining lights in the profession, they are prepared to furnish copies of several new and popular plays, including "Hazardous Ground," by Augustin Daly. See their pronunciamentos.

THE BENEFIT at Wallack's Theatre for the fund of the New York Ladies' Southern Relief Association realized one thousand dollars.

BURNELL RUNNELLS and his two children commence at the Circus this evening. Prof. Hutchinson and his troupe of very cleverly trained dogs, that attracted so much attention last week, continue, as well as all the talented gymnasts, acrobats and equestrians regularly engaged, at this establishment.

534 BROADWAY is a magic number in the estimation of the profession, for there is established the theatrical, minstrel and miscellaneous agency of Conner & Co., through whose energy the heart of many a one whose business it is to fret upon the mimic stage has been made glad. They publish a number of advers in this issue, to which we direct attention.

FLORENCE NOBLE, a lady who made her *debut* in Louisville, Ky., a few months ago, made her *debut* in this city on the 16th inst., at the *matinee* given at the Academy of Music. She appeared in a recitation of the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and of Poe's "Raven."

Dramatic.

BUSINESS IN NASHVILLE is reported as being good. Our correspondent, under date of the 10th inst., says:—"The new theatre, after a week's run with the Buisby family, has stopped, and there is no certainty whether it will open again or not at present. It is understood an Italian Opera will open it before long..... At the Adelphi business is all that could be expected or wished for. The houses are nightly filled. The company have become popular, and business will probably remain good during the season. On the 4th inst. the comedy of 'Extremes' was represented for the third time to a full house. 'She Stoops to Conquer' followed on the 5th, and on the 6th 'The School for Scandal;' 7th, 'The Streets of New York;' 8th, 'London Assurance,' and 9th, 'The Ticket of Leave Man' were presented. March 6th terminated Laura Keene's engagement, but she appeared for the benefit of the Tennessee Benevolent Society. During the week it has rained almost incessantly. Charlotte Thompson is on the bills for next (this) week."

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE in St. Paul, Minn., is pronounced unsurpassed for accoustic properties. It has twice been filled to repletion by local concerts, and it was found that the slightest whisper could be heard in all parts of the building. McFarland, who is now in Minneapolis, takes possession May 1st with a first class dramatic company. The Opera House will hold 1,200 persons. W. Travis, the scenic artist, has just executed a drop curtain for the institution.

THE COMPANY from the Evansville (Ind.) Theatre opened at Henderson, Ky., on the 11th inst. with "The Honeymoon" and "Widow's Victim." Bella Golden appeared as Juliana and Jane Chatterly; J. W. Hill as Duke Aranza; E. J. Voltz as Rolando; Melville as Mock Duke and Jerry Clip, and Morrison as Podge. The company remain two weeks at Henderson and then depart for Mt. Vernon and Harmony. The spring season at Evansville opens April 21st.

ZOE was the attraction last week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. An exchange says:—"At the Howard Athenæum the Cuban Sylph is holding forth. Zoe is a perfect mistress of the art motional, and in her *role* of the French Spy, last evening, proved herself the queen of grace and loveliness. Her charms of person display the most faultless symmetry, her attitudes are models of classic elegance, while her gestures eloquently express all that language can achieve. She appears to thoroughly exhibit every motion that should be known to the stage, and never hesitates while speaking her mute language, everything moving in harmony, the soul speaking from the eyes, and every thought so mirrored in her countenance and gestures that the charm would be dispelled were she to open her lips with even a musical cadence. We know this may seem high adulation, yet if we are accused of coloring too highly our own impressions of the matchless Zoe, it is because we are enthused with her ravishing graces, superb form, and mute eloquence, which have not at present their equal upon the boards of the American stage."

W. A. ROUSE, with his dramatic troupe, opens in Harrisburg, Pa., for a short season, on the 25th inst.

SHERRY'S dramatic company was playing to large houses at Mechanicsburg, Pa., last week. He opens at Lancaster March 18th; Reading 25th; Carlisle April 8th; Hagerstown, Md., 15th, and Harrisburg April 22d.

THE MISSES FRANK LAFOLLE AND ELLA PARKER are now performing at the Opera House, Baltimore, Md. The ladies may be addressed as per advertisement in another column.

"OURS," "Rosedale," and other plays, may be procured of T. C. Howard, as per advertisement.

J. W. CARTER'S DRAMATIC TROUPE, with Blanche De Bar as star, were playing at Peoria, Ill., last week.

KATE FISHER AND COMPANY were playing in Adrian, Mich., last week.

FORRESTER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY are at Fort Wayne, Ind., all this week.

THE GRIFFITH GAUNT COMBINATION, under the management of F. G. Kidder, has made a bad go of it. The company was composed of some pretty good performers, but they were so badly managed that it is no wonder they did no business. They played in Springfield, Worcester and Lowell to bad business. In Lowell the street bills were not posted until one night before the company appeared, and the programmes were distributed after dinner on the day of performance. Smart agent, that. They were in Lowell on the 13th and 14th inst.

FOR THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, N. Y., a company is now being formed for the coming fall and winter season, as will be seen by advertisement in another column.

FANNY MORGAN PHELPS commences an engagement at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., on the 22d inst. Managers wishing to secure this lady for six or twelve nights should address her agents Messrs. Corbyn and Wall.

"THE THREE GUARDSMEN" and "Griffith Gaunt" are in rehearsal at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, N. Y.

"ALADDIN," after a run of nine nights, was withdrawn from the boards of the Academy, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 13th, to give place to the comedy of "Fashion and Famine."

DAN BRYANT filled up Vestvali's time last week at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis, Ind. This week Mr. Bryant is in St. Louis, Mo.

"THE BLACK CROOK" is in its eleventh week at the Continental Theatre, Boston, Mass. Excursion trains run into Boston from the country towns every day.

JOHN BROUGHAM was the recipient of a benefit at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the 8th inst. Our correspondent, "Novice," says:—"The receipts were eleven hundred dollars. The comedy of 'Perfection,' a pleasing little play entitled the 'Fast Man,' and the extravaganza of 'Pocahontas' constituted the bill. The same bill was repeated on the 9th inst. On the 11th, a two act drama by Mr. Mark Hassler, called 'Bachelor of Arts,' and 'Pocahontas,' were given. 'Playing with Fire' was revived on the 12th inst, and was given subsequent to the farce of 'A Loan of a Lover.' The comedy, 'Flies in the Web' and 'Napoleon's Old Guard' made up the bill on the 13th inst. In the comedy Mr. Brougham gave a natural impersonation of the cunning lawyer, Corydon Foxglove. Mr. Charles Pope as Paul Weldon was really good, and Mr. Jeffries as Chubb made a hit. Josephine Tyson deserves praise for her careful rendition of the part of Alice Devereaux. Mrs. Muzzy as Miss Phœbe Tangle was good; in fact it seemed as though Mr. Brougham enjoyed her performance. I desire to mention the excellent manner in which Mr. J. R. Spackman performed the part of Haversack in the drama of 'Napoleon's Old Guard.' Although Mr. Brougham has earnestly protested in his genial way against making speeches before the curtain, not a night has passed during his present engagement (and to-night will be his eleventh appearance), that he has not made one of his characteristic speeches. On the 16th he closes the second week of his engagement, and on the 23d he bids us adieu. Last evening (14th), 'O'Donnell's Mission' was produced, with the author as Captain Roderick O'Donnell, and Mr. T. E. Morris as Julio Alberoni. 'Columbus Reconstructed' is being daily rehearsed, and will be brought out possibly on the 18th. .....The sensational play of 'Eustache Baudin,' with Mr. Bangs in the title *role*, was given on the 8th at Wall's Opera House, but only to a fair house, the business still continuing rather tame. 'William Tell' and the farce of 'Sketches in India' were given on the 9th. On the 11th inst, 'The Dead Heart' was produced, and on the evening following Mr. Bangs received a benefit, producing for the first time at this house 'The Willow Copse.' The Worrell Sisters and T. L. Donnelly appeared on the 13th, and were well received, the house being full. The performance commenced with 'Nan,' Miss Jennie introducing a clog dance. After which, the musical burlesque of 'Cinderella' was given, with the Sisters and Mr. Donnelly in their usual characters. On the 14th the bill consisted of the 'Fool of the Family' and 'Cinderella.' The burlesques of 'Fra Diavolo' and 'Aladdin' are in rehearsal."

FATAL RESULT.—William W. Hart, one of the stage workmen at the Boston Museum, who had a thigh broken about two months ago by falling from the "flies" to the stage, while setting a scene for the "Peep o' Day," died of his injuries on the 11th inst., at the Massachusetts General Hospital. He was a man of good character and was much respected by his associates. The members of the Museum Company and other attaches of the establishment have manifested their sympathy for him during the time he has been at the hospital in a substantial way. His age was 41 years. His remains were taken to Auburn.

SAM WALLIS, at present connected with Niblo's Garden, in this city, as machinist, will sever his connection with that establishment on the 1st of June, the close of the regular season, and can be secured by managers, as will be seen by his advertisemsant in another column. Mr. Wallis has been connected with the theatrical profession for over thirty years, and we know of no one who has had greater experience behind the curtain, or who is more competent to fill the duties of machinist.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS AND J. C. MCCOLLUM commenced an engagement at Waller's Opera House, Newark, N. J., last week, opening on the 11th inst., as Lady Audley. Our correspondent remarks:—"To say that Mrs. Bowers met with decided success upon her first appearance, would but faintly convey an idea of the enthusiasm with which she was received by a large auditory. Her impersonation of this *role* was one of the most effective hits yet witnessed at the Opera House. It was replete with case and grace. The play was a decided success. Many of the scenes were new and appropriate. The burning of the inn at Mount Stanning was produced in fine style and elicited hearty applause. Viola Barrett's impersonation of Alicia was most excellent. The piece was repeated on the 12th to a crowded house. 'Ingomar' and a farce were given on the 13th. On the 14th 'East Lynne' was produced to a large audience, Mrs. Bowers essaying the *roles* of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, with J. C. McCollom as Sir Francis Levison. A more highly finished piece of acting than her performance of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine it would be difficult to conceive. The impersonation is unquestionably one of the best representations of the character that has ever been given in this city. Mr. Britton's Archibald Carlyle was ably given, and reflected credit upon this rising young actor. Viola Barrett has made a decided hit in this city, and has gained any amount of admirers. Lizzie Hardy was capital as Miss Corny Carlyle, while Viola Plunkett, Alice and Kate Coleman and Blanche Moravia, did justice to their respective parts. On the 15th, 'Lady Audley's Secret' will be produced for Mrs. Bowers' benefit. On the 16th, 'Leah' and 'Ben Bolt' will be brought out. On the 18th, 'Green Bushes,' with new scenery and a moving panorama of the Mississippi River, will be brought out by the company, with Mrs. Emma Waller in the leading *role*. Wilkie Collins' novel entitled 'No Name' is being dramatized by a lady of this city expressly for Mrs. Waller, and will be produced here shortly."

THE METROPOLITAN ALLIANCE is composed of a number of popular artists, with Major Pauline Cushman as the star of the troupe. Last week they laid siege to Troy, N. Y., the Major making a successful charge upon the favors of the people of that city. A good agent is wanted for this troupe. See advertisement.

THE C

sition during the heated term, are Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wheatley, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Wallack, the Webb Sisters, Clara Louisa Kellogg and Madeline Henriques. The latter lady will be married first, and start on her bridal tour about the first of May.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE NEW YORK MINSTRELS, who lately made their *debut* in San Francisco, Cal., at Platt's Hall, came to grief after a season of four nights. The company was a large one, seventeen being on in the first part, which made a good show, but the party was too big a one to make the "ghost walk," and when salary day came the manager gave up the ghost.

GEO. W. WRAY wants an engagement as banjoist, etc. See advertisement.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS last evening were all our fancy painted them—yes, and more too. We haven't had any such music, vocally or instrumentally considered, for a period whereof the memory of man, &c., &c. Query is, where did they get all their new jokes, puns, and comicalities generally? All they do is new—all well done—no hitches—no sticks—no waits—all smooth, funny, splendid. We can't conceive of a better arranged, better executed negro minstrel performance. In a word, it's the best of the season. Go to night—take your folks—laugh—and conclude with us, you've done your wholesome a good turn. The shadow pantomime is one of the most mysterious—most laughable—most taking wind-ups that can be imagined. Once again, go! Go all—go early—for there'll be a jam. Don't fail to see the "Shadow Pantomime," one of the most unique and ludicrous exhibitions extant. Make way for Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels; they are determined to lead the traveling profession and give the biggest satisfaction everywhere.—*Elmira Daily Advertiser*, March 13th, 1867.

LLOYD AND BIDAUX'S MINSTRELS did an excellent business, we are informed, at Buffalo and St. Catharines, C. W. On the 13th, 14th and 15th, they showed at London, C. W., and Chatham 16th, and were to be at Detroit, Mich., 18th, 19th and 20th, Toledo, O., 21st and 22d, Sandusky 23d, Mansfield 25th, Dayton 26th and 27th, Columbus 28th and 29th, Covington, Ky., 30th, and Cincinnati April 1st for one week.

LA RUE'S MINSTRELS were at Taunton, Mass., on the 14th inst., and were to go thence to Lowell on the 16th, and are in Lynn on the 18th, Salem 19th, Gloucester 20th, Newburyport 21st, and Portsmouth, N. H., 22d.

LLOYD & BIDAUX'S MINSTRELS were to appear in Detroit, Mich., on the 8th inst., and remain three nights.

MINSTRELS IN A FIX.—On the 11th inst., a minstrel party calling themselves the Chicago Opera Troupe appeared in Allentown, Pa., to a very poor attendance. A host of creditors appeared the next day, and the consequence was that the party, numbering eight, was hauled up for defrauding creditors, and committed to jail. Among the number were Bill Bloomer and Bob Sheppard. They were released by paying demands and costs, which latter amounted to over $20. They raised the "stamps" by pawning a watch.

DIED.—In Philadelphia, on Friday, 15th inst., Thomas P. Brower, in the 39th year of his age. It was but a year or so ago that Mr. Brower returned to his native city, after an absence of many years in nearly every quarter of the globe, and where, we believe, he performed with various minstrel troupes. He was a brother of the well known Frank Brower, from whose residence, No. 1,122 Master street, Philadelphia, the funeral was to have taken place on the 18th inst.

MANAGER CHAS. H. DUPREZ has secured the services of Mr. J. H. Murphy, the tenor and balladist, late of Hooley's Minstrels and the Buckley Serenaders. He joined Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels at Rochester, N. Y., on the 15th inst. The Western people will have a treat in listening to Mr. Murphy's pleasing ballads.

MCGINLEY, CARROLL & WOOD'S MINSTRELS is a new company now organizing, intending to start out on a tour on or about May 1st. A good advertising agent is wanted for this troupe. See advertisement.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS gave an entertainment at Rand's Hall, Troy, N. Y., on the 15th. Our correspondent says:—"Long before the box office was opened the entrances were completely blocked, and before the performance commenced every available seat in the hall was occupied, and standing room was nowhere to be seen. Sam Sharpley and Add Ryman are on the ends. Sam was in capital humor, and Add was as funny as he could be. In the olio Add Ryman did a capital stump speech and El Nino Eddie walked the tight rope and did a comic song on stilts. A banjo solo by Sam Sharpley, and a double song and dance were given by Charley and Willie. Altogether it was one of the best minstrel entertainments that I have witnessed in some time. The performance gave undeniable satisfaction, and almost every act was *encored*."

LLOYD AND BIDAUX MINSTRELS are still pleasing the people in the region round about Detroit, where they were to perform on the 18th, 19th and 20th. Read what the press says of them:—LLOYD AND BIDAUX'S MINSTRELS.—This popular and efficient troupe gave two most successful entertainments here on Thursday and Friday evenings. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the performances were the best and most successful of the kind we ever remember having witnessed. Our space will not allow us to particularize, and we will only add that this troupe is decidedly superior to the general run of minstrels.—*Post*, St. Catharines, C. W. Another overflowing house was attracted to the performance of Lloyd and Bidaux's Minstrels, at Mechanics' Hall last evening, and the excellent features of the entertainment afforded were acknowledged by frequent applause. The programme was an entire change from that of Saturday evening, though quite as attractive. The company appear for the last time in Hamilton this evening, and those who would secure a choice of seat will attend timely.—*Times*, Hamilton, C. W. Lloyd and Bidaux's Minstrel Troupe performed at Mechanics' Hall, on Saturday evening, to a crowded audience, their entertainment giving a higher degree of satisfaction than that of any company that has visited the city for the past year. The clog dancing was generally pronounced the most artistic ever witnessed in the city, while the burlesque features of the performance were new and exceedingly ludicrous. The company remain in the city this and to-morrow evenings, and their merits are deserving of, and will not fail to secure a liberal patronage.—*Spectator*, Hamilton, C. W.

S. S. SANFORD, the veteran minstrel manager, has disbanded his minstrel party. He has been traveling through Pennsylvania of late, but met with poor encouragement. He has had enough of managing, and now offers himself as agent for a first class minstrel troupe. Mr. Sanford has had considerable experience in the business.

"THE MILLINERS" is the pantomime this week at Hooley's, Brooklyn, with A. M. Hernandez in the principal *role*. Mr. Hernandez will also appear as "The Black Man of Agar." C. E. Collins, "the Cure," is in his second week. A benefit for the Masonic Fund takes place on Wednesday afternoon, the 20th inst.

THE COES, PURDY AND CONVERSE MINSTRELS give their first show at the new National Hall, Harlem, N. Y., on the 19th inst., and go thence to Williamsburgh for the 20th, and dedicate Taylor's new hall, Trenton, N. J., on the 21st, and remain two nights. They then go direct to Cincinnati, Ohio, where they locate. Eph Horn and S. S. Purdy on the ends and Geo. Coes interlocutor. A. Bamford and Louis Nevers are also in the party.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS performed to large houses in some of the principal towns along the Erie Railroad last week. On the 14th they were at Hornellsville; 15th Corning; and 16th Oswego. On the 18th they were to be at Elmira, and were to go thence to Binghamton 19th; Paterson 21st; Orange 22d; and Newark 23d. Although the party is not as large as many others on the road, they are said to draw large audiences and give satisfaction.

Circuses.

A. W. MORGAN, late of the Macfarland Troupe, is in Chicago, Ill., having severed his connection with the party at Minneapolis, Min. He goes out with a circus company this season.

HENRY SPARKS, a circus canvas maker, who claims to have had twelve years' experience, publishes a card elsewhere in this issue which managers would do well to consult.

HAIGHT & CHAMBERS' CIRCUS, incorporated with Ames' Traveling Menagerie, is giving performances on St. Charles street, New Orleans, La., under canvas.

THE HANLONS are returning from the South. Their route ahead is Indianapolis, Lafayette, Ft. Wayne, Chicago, Wheeling, thence east.

M. B. LEAVITT, who is up in the business of clown and Ethiopian comedy, wants an engagement with a circus. See advertisement.

LUKE RIVERS, a general performer, can be engaged for the tenting season. His address will be found in an advertisement elsewhere.

CIRCUS PROPERTY DESTROYED.—All the wagons and harness belonging to the Dan Costello show were entirely destroyed by fire on the 4th inst. New wagons are building in Cincinnati, Ohio.

WHITTY & CO.'S CIRCUS makes its first stand this season at Frankfort, Pa., on the 1st of April, and go thence to Germantown.

Music Halls.

FITZ SIMMONS was announced to bring his engagement at the Varieties, Detroit, Mich., to a close, on the 16th inst. Last week "The Harp of Erin" was performed, with Harry Clifford as Paddy Carey; Fitz Simmons as Henry Barry; J. S. Edwards as Capt. Rushton; Nicolo Morton as Van Seller; Fanny Archer as Cornish, and Jenny Allen as Kitty Killeen. J. W. McAndrews, Pete Leo, Frank Wood, Master Barney and Tom Williams, form the black brigade. Naomi Porter, Emilie Siegel, Jennie Allen and Frank Christie are in the terpsichorean department, and Fernando Fleury does the comic songs. The "French Spy" was in rehearsal last week.

MISS AGNES SUTHERLAND is the star at the Melodeon, Harrisburg, Pa., this week.

LONG'S VARIETIES, East Saginaw, Mich., is the title of a place of amusement that has been open three weeks, under the management of John P. Long, with the following company:—Louisa Birch, Alice Leslie, Ed. Judge, L. J. Donnelly, Harry Lyman, Albert Davis, Johnny Nielan, Master Charley, Dave Wilson and Miss Shippey.

THE DORMER SISTERS, vocalists and dancers, may be engaged by addressing Miss Alice, who advertises to that effect in another column.

Miscellaneous.

THE HANLON BROTHERS closed a brilliant two weeks' stay at the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo., on the 16th inst. This week they are at the National, Cincinnati, Ohio. The following extracts are from the St. Louis *Times* of March 12th, and the *Dispatch* of the 14th: "THE EXTRAORDINARY AND UNEQUALLED HANLONS.—The Olympic is again living over its first brilliant history. The great attraction is the peerless Hanlon Brothers and their splendid European company. It is no wonder that they draw, for beyond all question the Hanlons give the best exhibition of the kind ever seen in our city. The "Three Flying Men" chills the blood and causes the strongest nerves to tremble with fear for the safety of the daring brothers. To attempt a description of the Hanlons and their great original specialties is impossible." "THE AUTOCRATS OF MUSCLE AND GRACE.—The renowned Hanlon Brothers, the great popular representatives of the gymnastic world. No artists have ever appeared in this country that can compare with them. The Buislays are good, but far inferior in all respects to the great Hanlons; in short, they have no successful competitors in this or any other age."

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXIAL TROUPE will be in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 23d, 24th and 25th inst.

J. M. MACALLISTER, the illusionist, was advertised to give six entertainments at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, commencing on the 11th inst.; but, on account of an *emeute* that arose between himself and his manager and partner, Mr. Sherman, the engagement came to an abrupt termination on the 13th, after two performances only had been given.

M. HUGHES, the Fakir of Ava, has been compelled by reason of impaired health to relinquish all his engagements for the current season. He is now confined to his bed, at his residence in Buffalo. Whiston, the humorist, is also in Buffalo, awaiting the recovery of the Fakir, with whom he has been associated as a partner.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLK'S have been doing a fine business concertizing in New York State. On the 18th and 19th they show at Rochester; 20th, and 21st, Canandaigua; 22d, Ithica, and 23d Syracuse.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELL RINGERS, (Prof. J. M. Boulard and D. G. Waldron, managers), are meeting with unqualified success since their return from Europe, we are informed. They appeared at Indianapolis, Ind., March 5th and 6th, under the patronage of the Senate and House of Representatives, and were received with great enthusiasm by a large concourse of people at Morrison's Opera House. The *Indianapolis Daily Journal* says:—"MORRISON'S OPERA HALL.—GREAT SUCCESS OF THE ALLEGHANIANS—THEIR LAST APPEARANCE TONIGHT.—We note with pleasure the appearance of the world famed Quartette Company 'The Alleghanians.' Steadily they hold their way in all climes and among all peoples; everywhere delighting all true lovers of harmony, winning golden favors from all who hear them. Long and continued practice has made their voices the united utterance of one heart and one sentiment. But in nothing is this unity so perfectly displayed as in their ringing of the bells. When we know that this kind of music, from its very nature, each time it is done, is an experiment—a sleight of hand—we marvel at the exactness with which each piece is accomplished. Mr. Boulard's melodious bass has long delighted our concert-going public. Miss Hiffert's wonderful contralto is offset by an upper range which is very remarkable. Miss Jenner's soprano is pure, sympathetic and possesses a high tone of cultivation, and Mr. Galloway is as funny as ever. In short, the whole troupe, as now organized, is well calculated to please both by variety and quality, as was evinced by the repeated and enthusiastic encores and expressions of admiration last evening. This (Thursday) is their last night in Indianapolis. All who love the music of the 'good old days of yore,' would be sure of being pleased by spending the evening at the Opera Hall." We copy from the Indianapolis *Gazette*, of March 8th, the following:—"More than twenty years ago we listened with delight to the harmonious breathings forth of song by Messrs. Dunning, Oakley and Boulard, and Miss Hiffert, then composing the troupe known as the Alleghanians. They soon made a name and fame, the envy of traveling concert troupes, and reaped a rich harvest of gold as well as laurel wreaths. Messrs. Dunning and Oakley have long since retired to repose on their laurels, and others have filled their places. Boulard alone of the old triumvirate remains. Well do we remember how his magnificent *basso profundo* thrilled our sense in the days Lang Syne. We heard it last night; it is still the same; deep, soft, musical, soul touching, but more flexible and cultivated by the practice of years. Miss Jenner's soprano is unexceptionable, and the audience was 'carried away captive' by Miss Hiffert's rare contralto. The quartette, 'Poe's Raven,' was admirably rendered; one soul seemed to animate them, and as if with one voice they breathed forth the quaint old strains, a superstitious thrill ran through the vast audience, and they could almost see the weird wings of the ghostly bird of night flapping above them, as he sat on the pallid bust of Pallas, and hear his prophetic voice sighing 'nevermore.' Poe must have written the 'Raven' expressly for the Alleghanians. We laughed till we cried over the inimitable Galloway, as he gave us the serio-comic ballad, 'Lord Lovell,' and when he 'kicked off his boots' and died in the struggle-guggle, we looked for a good place on the floor to lie down and roll, but the hall was too full and we couldn't do it. How shall we describe the music of the bells—silvery sweet, now soft and low, now pealing out their triumphant melody, now dying away like the wailing of a lost spirit—we could listen forever, but we cannot describe it." In another column of the same paper, it says:—"AULD LANG SYNE.—We had the pleasure of taking by the hand to-day our old friend Boulard, whose acquaintance we made in 1846, when the Alleghanians were on their first tour. While Boulard has managed to win golden opinions for his company from the musical world, his accomplished business agent, Mr. D. G. Waldron, has been looking after the more substantial golden tokens, which we are happy to say have been flowing into the treasury without stint or measure. The people appreciate this popular troupe, and what they like they are always willing to pay for."

THE ALLEGHANIANS were at Hoosier Hall, Greensburg, Ind., March 18th.

ALBERT H. FERNALD, who accompanied the Alleghanians on their tour through Europe, is now engaged in teaching music and the piano in Boston, Mass.

THE RIVERS FAMILY, consisting of five members, are concertizing through Illinois and Indiana, with considerable success.

THE VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS Show bursted up at Greensburg, Ind., last week.

J. INSCOE WILLIAMS' "PANORAMA OF THE BIBLE" is doing good business west. It was at Terre Haute, Ind., last week.

THE ELLINGER AND FOOTE COMBINATION of little and big folks, with Philo Clarke ahead, are to be at Cumberland, Md., March 19th and 20th. Biz is reported good with them.

AN EDUCATED PORCINE QUADRUPED is advertised for sale in this week's CLIPPER by J. A. Watson. We would add that purchasers must go "the whole hog or none."

A PANORAMA, the subject of which is the life and death of President Lincoln, which is said to be an excellent work of art, is advertised for sale in this week's CLIPPER by G. T. Pierce.

THE UNITED STATES REVENUE LAW GOVERNING SHOWMEN.—Of late we have been in receipt of a number of letters from managers of dramatic, minstrel and other troupes traveling through Indiana, complaining of an exorbitant tax demanded by the assessors in that State. The following is an extract from one of the letters received by us, and explains the state of affairs in the "Hoosier" State:—

"FRIEND QUEEN.—I wish you to grant a favor to many of us showmen by finding out from the very fountain head at Washington whether a traveling theatrical company is obliged to pay the amount of one hundred dollars a year in *each State* for a *government license*, or whether it is *ten dollars* per year for *each State, as formerly*. I have never paid, during four years' travel, but ten dollars a year, but some individual in Indiana, in the Revenue Department, has discovered that the law means that each building erected for theatrical purposes is *not the place licensed, but the company playing in said building* must pay a license of $100, and they are *re-assessing all the companies throughout the entire West at the rate of one hundred dollars per year* from the time they first entered the State, regardless of any ten dollar license they may hold."

Wishing to get at the full particulars, we procured a Tax Payer's Manual and read it through, noting down everything relating to showmen. We also wrote to the "fountain head at Washington," and the following is the result:—

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, WASHINGTON, March 2, 1867.

Sir:—Your letter of the 28th ult., inquires—"Must every dramatic company traveling through the country pay a U. S. license of $100 or $10, as heretofore, when the very halls they play in have a license held by the owner?"

I reply, that the internal revenue law for purposes of taxation divides the dramatic or show profession (as you term it) into four classes. The first class consists of proprietors of theatres, museums and concert halls (not including halls rented or used occasionally for concerts or theatrical representations) who are specially taxed, at the fixed rate of $100 per annum for each such edifice.

The second class consists of proprietors of circuses; and every building, tent, space or area where feats of horsemanship, or acrobatic sports, or *theatrical performances* are exhibited, is a circus. This class is also taxed at the *rate* of $100 per annum *for each State* in which they exhibit. For example, a party thus liable commences to exhibit in the month of May, say in your State, and pays $100 as license or special tax, which sum covers all exhibitions of that party within the State of New York, *for one year*, ending May 1 next ensuing. Commencing in any other month a less sum is required, in proportion to the unexpired term of the license year ending on the 1st day of May next ensuing. If the said party should commence an exhibition in New Jersey, say in the month of August, $75 is the specified tax for New Jersey, being for *nine* months at the rate aforesaid. If in November, $50, and so on in proportion.

The third class are termed jugglers (exhibiting by *sleight o hand*), who are specially taxed at the rate of $20 per annum for each State, as just explained.

And the fourth class embraces the proprietors or agents of *all other* public exhibitions or shows for money, who are licensed or specially taxed at the rate of $10 per annum for each State in which they exhibit. And this word *State* embraces the term Territory and this District.

When the exhibition or performance takes place *elsewhere* than in a duly licensed or specially taxed theatre, museum or concert hall, the party is liable as *stated above*—otherwise, there is no liability to license or special tax; but the tax on gross receipts must be paid in every instance. Very respectfully,

E. A. ROESING, Commissioner.

It will thus be seen that dramatic performances come under the second class and are rated the same as a circus, and managers of such must pay $100 for each State. Minstrel combinations, (*except those that give acrobatic performances*), and all other kind of concert parties are taxed only $10 a year. The law further states that proprietors of gift enterprises shall pay $150. That any person, firm or corporation, or the manager or agent thereof, owning, conducting, or having the charge of any theatre, opera, circus, museum or other public exhibition of dramatic or operatic representations, plays, performances, musical entertainments, feats of horsemanship, acrobatic sports, or other shows which are open to the public for pay, but not including occasional concerts, school exhibitions, lectures or exhibitions of works of art, shall be subject to and pay a duty of two per centum, on the *gross amount* of all receipts. Within twenty days after the end of each and every month, a list must be made out and given to the assistant assessor of the district, stating the gross amount which must be verified by the oath or affirmation of such owner, manager or agent; and shall pay to the collector the full amount of duties which have accrued on such receipts. In case the party neglects to make such a return for the space of ten days after such return should have been made, the assessor shall proceed to estimate the amount received and the duties payable thereon, and shall add thereto ten per centum; and for any attempt knowingly to evade the payment of such duties, the party is liable to pay a penalty of $1,000 for every such attempt. In addition to this license, showmen are also taxed a city or town license in nearly every city or town in the country. Western Virginia, we believe, is the only State where a special State license is demanded. The license demanded by officials in different parts of the country is fearful. In Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a minstrel band is mulcted in the sum of $25 per night, whilst almost any other kind of a show only has to pay from $5 to $8. In Anderson, Ind., $25 a day is demanded as a County license for any kind of a show, from a puppet to a circus entertainment, and the population of the town is only two thousand two hundred. Owensboro, Ky., is another town with a hall that only seats two hundred and fifty, but the proprietor has the conscience to charge only $15 a night rent, and the license is from $5 to $10, according to style of entertainment. There are hundreds of other places as bad, and some worse than these.

ELLINGER AND FOOTE'S COMBINATION will be at Harrisburg, Pa., on April 11th, 12th and 13th.

THE APOCALYPSE was billed to be in Quincy, Ill., for one week commencing on the 13th.

OSSIAN E. DODGE AND PROF. AUGUSTE POND, of St. Paul, Minn., gave a concert in Stillwater, Minn., on the 7th inst. to an audience of about six hundred persons; tickets fifty cents.

SPAE HIMAN gave a performance in legerdemain at Lancaster, Pa., on the 14th inst.

CLINTON, Mass., is represented as a good show town. A correspondent says:—"We are in want of good shows in this place, and those of the profession who come will be sure of reaping a rich harvest. The people here so seldom see a good show, that they turn out by hundreds when they do come. The hall rent is cheap, board is cheap, and money is not so much thought of as in other places. No managers on Eastern tours just hit this town in good shape, and we promise you stumps enough to pay well. There never has been a good minstrel troupe here. We are only fifteen miles from Worcester, on the junction of the W. & N. and the Fitchburg, Clinton and Boston R. R's. I am no hotel proprietor or owner of a hall, so am not pecuniarily interested."

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE played in Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 14th to a crowded house, notwithstanding the weather was very stormy.

PROF. KARL KANE, says a correspondent, is in the Fort Wayne, Ind., jail. What for?

TRANSFORMATION and stock scenes can be procured of L. F. W. Seavey, scenic artist, as per advertisement in another column.

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAUX OF PARADISE LOST continued on exhibition at Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington, D. C., last week, drawing, it is said, as large audiences as the hall will hold.

THE SPAULDING BROTHERS' SWISS BELL RINGERS have been doing a good business in Pennsylvania. On the 11th they performed in White Haven. A correspondent says:—"They opened the doors at half-past six, and at half past seven the hall was crowded full, and they had to shut the doors with about three hundred people outside unable to get in the hall. They accordingly announced another concert the same night. The first concert was over at half past eight. The people got out of the hall, and then the doors were re-opened, and they gave a second show on the same night, which was over at eleven o'clock. Receipts of the first concert, $219, and for the second, $113. Expenses of the day, $44. Pretty good for a small town of 1,200 people."

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXIAL TROUPE perform at the Opera House, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 23d and 26th; Richmond, 26th and 27th; and at Turner's Opera House on the 28th and 29th. From Dayton the Quincuplexal will make a strait b line for the Eastern States. A *danseuse* and musician are wanted for this troupe. See advertisement for how to address, etc.

MADAME SHERWOOD, a female of extensive avoirdupois, popularly known as the mammoth lady, desires an engagement for the coming season. For address and other particulars see advertisement.

FRANK LUMBARD'S CONCERT TROUPE, of Chicago, gave one of their concerts at the National Hall, Quincy, Ill., on the 13th inst.

PROF. O. S. FOWLER, Phrenologist, delivered three lectures at the National Hall, Quincy, Ill., commencing on the 14th inst.

A PANORAMA OF IRELAND is on exhibition at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia; Miss Teresa McKenner and Mrs. J. Barker do the vocal part of the entertainment.

THE LATE CHARLES F. BROWNE, "Artemus Ward," has by his will given his property after his mother's death to be devoted to founding an asylum for printers.

DARLINGTON'S TOUR OF CHINA, comprising twenty magnificent tableaux, is advertised for sale in another column, wherein will be found further specifications.

A SET OF MAGIC APPARATUS is offered for sale in our advertising columns.

SUSIE SUMMERFIELD, Mollie Kilmyer, Louise and Christine Robinson, Billy Hart, Jimmy Quinn, Marie Colson, Emma De Vere, Annie Eldridge, Oscar Willis and Geo. Derious are engaged at the New American Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

NEW FACES appear at the Comique, Boston, this week. El Nino Eddie, Ida Devere, Ada Tesman and Geo. W. Smith were all to commence on the 18th inst.

THEY ARE DOING a laughable burlesque on the Japanese at Fox's New American, Philadelphia, where Carrie Austin, Zouave drillist, and M'lle Louise, drumster, are also going through their evolutions. The benevolent manager continues to give away clothes and hams, which all visitors have a chance to partake of.

FLORENCE TEMPLE commences an engagement at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, this week.

Amateur.

THE WARSAW, (IND.) THESPIANS gave their first entertainment at Empire Hall, Warsaw, Ind., on the 8th inst., producing "The Drunkard;" the proceeds of which were to go towards erecting a soldiers' monument there. The first night was a success. They were to give their next entertainment on the 16th, producing "The Forest Rose" and "Supper in Dixie."

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

MAD. CHARLOTTE HENRIETTA VERA (*nee* HASER), once a popular *prima donna*, died in Rome lately, aged 83 years.

LOVEDAY AND SUMMERS' ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE, with Brookhouse Bowler and Aynesly Cook in the party, were at Cheltenham, Eng., on Feb. 28th.

AVONIA JONES was playing "Fast Lynne," "Lady Macbeth" and "Leah," in Dundee, Scotland, at last advices.

LAURA HARRIS has made her second appearance in Brussels and been favorably received. She is said to receive £48 per night, which is considered a big salary in Brussels.

GEORGE JORDAN has arrived in London, Eng., and made his re-appearance at the Lyceum Theatre, Feb. 27th, as Eric in the drama of "Rouge et Noir."

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Send your name, address, terms (very lowest), line of business, etc.

Prompters will confer an obligation by forwarding each week a file of bills. 50-1t

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BUISLAY FAMILY.
MR. AND MRS. F. M. BATES.
MAJOR PAULINE CUSHMAN and J. M. WARD.
FANNY YOUNG.
M'LLE ZOE, THE CUBAN SYLPH. 50-1t

WOOD'S THEATRE,
No. 514 Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
The public are respectfully informed that the talented artists,
MR. AND MRS. F. M. BATES,
have been engaged and will make their first appearance in New York on
MONDAY, MARCH 25TH, 1867,
in the new Sensation Play, by James Schonberg, Esq., entitled
OSCAR,
THE
HALF-BLOOD.
They will be supported by a
DRAMATIC COMPANY OF STERLING ABILITIES.
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FANNY MORGAN PHELPS,
Having just concluded a most successful engagement at Wood's Theatre, Broadway, New York, will commence at Wall's Opera House, Washington, D. C., Friday, March 22d, and will be ready to accept engagements, in first class theatres only, for six or more nights after April 1st. Address
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WANTED—30 LADIES
For the Corps de Ballet. Must be first class and good dancers. To those who thoroughly understand their business good salaries and long engagements will be given. Address
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WANTED, for a lengthened engagement, a PREMIER DANSEUSE. Must be young, handsome and a FIRST CLASS ARTISTE. Address, stating lowest salary to travel with a first class responsible manager,
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Now performing with immense success in St. Louis, is prepared to negotiate for long or short engagements only with first class and responsible managers. All business communications should be addressed to
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FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE,
2 and 4 West Twenty-fourth street.
G. W. H. GRIFFIN ..... Manager
THE FAMILY RESORT.
This beautiful hall is nightly crowded by the ELITE OF THE CITY.
MONDAN EVENING, March 18th, and every evening during the week, Fourth Week of the
GRAND SPECTACULAR BURLESQUE,
THE BLACK CROOK,
Which is to be witnessed by 485,000,000 of PEOPLE.
George Christy, Otto Burbank, J. F. Boyce, R. Hughes, and G. W. H. Griffin, the Strongest Team of Comic Artists in any one Band in the World. C. Henry, George Leslie, C. F. Shattuck, three of the most popular Ballad Singers of the country.
Together forming the
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Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.

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Standing room only at 8 o'clock renders it advisable that seats should be secured in advance.
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MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS, and only SATURDAY MATINEE.
The thrilling drama of
ALL HALLOW EVE,
and the roaring comedietta of
LATEST FROM NEW YORK,
In both of which pieces MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS will appear, introducing numerous songs and dances.
FRIDAY, MARCH 22, ONLY BENEFIT OF
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
AN ENORMOUS BILL—THREE PIECES.
Box Office open from 8 to 6 o'clock.

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SPECIAL.
Mr. Stuart has to announce that, as on all previous seasons,
THE CLOSING NIGHTS
of Mr. Booth's engagement will be devoted to the performance of a different play on each night, offering the opportunity of seeing him before leaving in as many as possible of his representations.
MONDAY, 18th ..... HAMLET
TUESDAY, 19th ..... RUY BLAS
WEDNESDAY, 20th ..... RICHELIEU
THURSDAY, 21st ..... ROMEO AND JULIET
FRIDAY, 22d ..... BRUTUS
SATURDAY, 23d, by special desire,
GRAND MATINEE.
ONLY TIME
OF
ROMEO AND JULIET.

NEW YORK THEATRE.
Managers ..... MARK SMITH & LEWIS BAKER.
The managers take great pleasure in announcing that they have effected a re-engagement for six nights longer with LADY DON.
ST. PATRICK'S DAY.
"CAED MILLE FALTHA"
LADY DON,
will appear on MONDAY EVENING as KATHLEEN, with songs, in the beautiful and pathetic drama of
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN;
OR ST. PATRICK'S EVE.
For particulars of cast, scenery and incidents, see programmes of the performance.
In preparation, the celebrated drama of
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN,
in which Lady Don will sing the most popular selections from WALLACE'S OPERA.

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Return for a brief season of the Richings Grand
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Company to the scene of their former brilliant success, commencing on
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BOHEMIAN GIRL,
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the cast embracing Messrs. Castle, Campbell, Seguin, Wylie, Neal, Oliver, Misses Caroline Richings, Arnold and Burnett.
Tickets and reserved seats for sale at Beer & Schirmer's, 701 Broadway, and at the Theatre at the
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ONE HUNDRED AND NINETIETH PERFORMANCE
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Good Dressing Rooms furnished.
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Is playing with grand success at the
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This great artiste has been distinguished by the public and personal approbation of their Majesties, Emperor Napoleon III, Empress Eugenie, the Prince Imperial, Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales and Princess of Wales; King Leopold, of the Belgians; King William III, of Holland; Prince Jerome Bonaparte, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Esterhazy, and Princess Clothilde and Princess Anna Murat, etc.
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They will certainly appear at the time and places announced.
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Under the immediate supervision of
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the great Western Favorite, whose quaint and peculiar style adds much to the merit of the entertainment, and wins for him an instantaneous popularity.
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December 21st, 1866. 39-3m

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Great in Song, Dance, Burlesque, Laughable Farces, Ethiopian Sketches, Ballets, Pantomimic Scenes, etc. Forming at once an Entertainment that cannot be equalled or exceeded.
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